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B U I L T W I T H F I V E N A I L S

A History

of

RIVER PINES SANATORIUM
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

Its Half-Century Fight

against

Tuberculosis

1906 - 1956

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IN FULFILLMENT OF A SACRED TRUST

RIVER PINES SANATORIUM

Marks HALF A CENTURY OF SERVICE

50 Years! A Golden Crown won by halting the dread White Plague; won in terms of hours of suffering relieved through helpful care; won in terms of lives saved and protected -- by these measures, FIFTY YEARS is almost beyond comprehension!

Approved and Accredited by
The Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals

Member of
American Hospital Association
Wisconsin Hospital Association
Wisconsin Superintendents & Trustees Associations
National Catholic Hospital Association
Wisconsin Catholic Hospital Conference

GREETINGS

in the Lord . . .

to the Friends of

RIVER PINES SANATORIUM

Within these pages you will find a brief summary of the accomplishments at River Pines Sanatorium during the past Fifty Years. It is an interesting, colorful story of the efforts and results of many people--people who have dreamed, worked, and sacrificed to make River Pines the most homelike Tuberculosis Sanatorium, not only in Wisconsin, but beyond the confines of the State.

The growth and development of River Pines Sanatorium has not always been an easy road to travel. Occasionally it faced seemingly insurmountable obstacles: discouragement of patients (at times rebellious spirits, who could not and would not understand that what was being done was for their good), financial problems, lighting and water difficulties, heating problems; nevertheless, these and other critical situations proved to strengthen River Pines.

Foremost in the responsibility of River Pines Sanatorium toward the fulfillment of its major mission, the Medical Directors and Staff Members have always done all they could to see that the patients they served had the best possible chance of regaining their health. The history of River Pines reveals the extent to which this objective has been successfully met.

We begin our next FIFTY YEARS, dedicated to the same principles of Christian service in the ministry of healing, with the hope of victoriously overcoming tuberculosis entirely and of helping in its continued control.

Sister Mary Adelicia
Supt.

BUILT WITH FIVE NAILS

I am almost "frightened stiff" to mount the stairs of the Administration Building; however, since life at River Pines Sanatorium began pulsating in this building, I must convince myself whether the building, literally held together by just one nail, will withstand a Golden Anniversary Siege!

A well-meaning old-timer, who can brag of 75 years of "nail-pounding", once told me in whispered trepidation: "Hope you never plan to build on to these buildings, Sister, 'cause, you know, they're held just by one nail; I know, 'cause I was buildin' them..." I also fear that all my predecessors will "hammer" me down unless I make sure to keep that one nail in place!

Having discovered, however, that there are, at least, five nails in each of the buildings, and having settled down with ease in what used to be good Dr. John W. Coon's office, I will try to keep the nails in place; -- and, If I, suddenly, become a bit more daring, I may even expose them and move some of them to another place!

So much has been written, and so charmingly and gloriously, of River Pines, that, by comparison, all I can offer is a handful of "tacks"; a few echoes from among the stately pines; a few rays caught from the sunbursts of those magnificent dawns and sunsets that God continues to paint in the skies at River Pines.

I wish I were Mrs. Alice Eccleston to be able to reminisce over at least 31 years of River Pines' existence; or, Dr. Harold M. Coon, who gave some of his best years, thoughts, and work to River Pines. I think if I could squeeze myself into Mrs. Eccie's or Dr. Coon's heart, I would find a number of heart beats missing--they are at River Pines! So, eventually, I will find them and hide them among the pines as an eternal treasure!

THE FIRST AND LARGEST SPIKE!

--driven in and held
in place by the **M E N** who made
River Pines possible . . .

Prior to 1900, very little was known about the disease and treatment of tuberculosis, the general belief being that this disease was neither preventable nor curable. Doctors all over the country were beginning to give much serious thought to the dread disease, known then as the White Plague.

It was an intense interest and desire to help patients afflicted with tuberculosis that led Dr. Thomas Hay and Dr. Hoyt E. Dearholt of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to purchase a 25-acre grove along the banks of the Wisconsin River, and amid the stately pines, oaks and birches, to build and establish what is known as River Pines Sanatorium.

DR. THOMAS H. HAY was the first Medical Director and organizer of the Sanatorium. He had given up a well-established practice in Milwaukee and gave himself wholeheartedly to the new and hazardous tasks involved in running a private sanatorium--a sanatorium for the treatment of the tuberculosis patient.

Will Ross, in his book, "I Wanted to Live", gives, perhaps, the best and most vivid picture of Dr. Hay, from which I quote:

"With an Irishman's enthusiasm he loved every minute of his work, whether he was thumping chests, cajoling the temperamental cook, or wheedling a little financial tide-over from the local bank. He was gray-haired and portly, wore a sharp-pointed beard, and looked like the good physician that he was. He was a great talker, loved to tell stories, and was slightly unhappy when circumstances pre-

vented him from having a plump cigar in his mouth. He had strict injunctions against smoking--for his patients...

"Of all the many fine physicians whom I have known in tuberculosis work--and in no branch of medicine is there greater sincerity--I have never known one who could inspire a dispirited patient as could Dr. Tom Hay . . ."

While still in private practice in Milwaukee, Dr. Hay gave generously of his time and knowledge to many a young doctor. It is also recorded that he held out a helping hand financially to many youngsters struggling to acquire more education or to establish a practice.

At River Pines many a yellowed ledger sheet was "balanced off" with a stroke of his "heart" hand; and the Trial Balance for the first few years was definitely out of balance.

Dr. Hay's friendship with Dr. Hoyt Dearholt began, when the latter called him for a consultation during the illness of a favored nephew. Although both doctors did all they could to save the life of the boy, their efforts proved futile. The trust and respect given each other during these trying days, blossomed into a lasting friendship. Dr. Hay from that time literally took the young Dr. Dearholt under his wing.

After ten years of unstinted service to his patients at River Pines, Dr. Hay's health began to fail, and in December of 1916, he sold his holding interest to Dr. John W. Coon. In April of the following year he went to New Jersey. The magic of the skipping waves and surging billows of the Atlantic did not hold him in their spell very long. God Himself, one might say, set the precedent for appraising a work perfectly done; for in the flowery month of May, 1917, Dr. Hay went to his Eternal Reward, his

path, virtually, strewn with beauty and fragrance-- and its perfume still lingers on.

* * *

DR. HOYT E. DEARHOLT, one of the younger doctors in Milwaukee, became intensely interested in the venture of Dr. Thomas Hay and joined him heart and hand to such an extent that he, too, was to become a great leader in the fight against tuberculosis.

Young Dr. Dearholt persuaded his father to advance most of the money needed for the construction of the first buildings at River Pines. Although he never took an active part in the management of the institution, he did act for a number of years as a consultant and promoter from an office in Milwaukee.

A unique and lovely rapport developed between Dr. Tom and Dr. Hoyt, such a relation as might exist between the master physician and his close assistant. One could say that young Dr. Dearholt opened his professional life with a miracle at a banquet of human love, ideals, and decisive action -- and closed it with another miracle of magnetic and lasting leadership! And between those terminals runs the life of loyalty and passionate zeal in giving his best to all his undertakings.

Dr. Dearholt, on his brief visits to R I V E R Pines, radiated a warmth that colored his every contact with the patients. No wonder, then, that his every word was like an over-flowing source of powerful influence and a glow of faith and hope to them.

Dr. Dearholt had the courage of pointing out an existing wrong and did so with a quick impatience, but he would never scold anyone who erred in an honest attempt in the right direction; he was willing to instruct, yet never sermonized; he would dodge the limelight of honors, and yet court it for his associates and their achievements. He was loved, he

was respected--an outstanding man, a Doctor of Medicine, an Educator, a Pathfinder, a Militant and Inspirational Crusader!--Such was Dr. Dearholt. And River Pines is justly proud of claiming him as one of its founders. Those whose knowledge of Dr. Dearholt reaches back into the past, know well the joy and help to be found in any account of his life; those who have not yet "met him", will have a rare and happy experience awaiting them.

His conspicuous service and aggressive leadership "galvanized" the Medical Society into decisive action in the field of tuberculosis--action, which has saved thousands of lives. It was his urgent and dogged work and constructive thinking that made the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association one of the strongest and ablest in the United States! And so, the fight against tuberculosis goes on and will not cease until Victory is won.

One quiet, warm day, a silver light of the "Evening Star" poured out and grew to tremendous proportions, throwing its mighty rays in all directions of Public Health. Its brilliance announced the passing of "The Beloved Chief"---Dr. Hoyt E. Dearholt. Sixty years--which seem like sixty yesterdays -- Dr. Hoyt spent in love, with love, and for love of his native State, Wisconsin. He knew Wisconsin and its needs, and he had a passionate zeal in giving to Wisconsin not only his own best, but also, the best in other men and women. He was born in Reedsburg, on March 2, 1879, and died in Milwaukee, July 12, 1939.

* * *

In October, 1911, DR. FRANKLIN WALBRIDGE, another Milwaukee Doctor, purchased fifty shares of River Pines stock, thus becoming Dr. Hay's assistant. In 1912, Dr. Walbridge built the "brick house" and lived at River Pines. He was interested in all the work, and was very active in the various committees organized for the treatment and fight against tuberculosis. A fine surgeon, he came to share the title

and the honor of being the Dean of the physicians who fought vigorously against the dread disease. He opened the "operating room" in the West Dormitory which he used for bone, joint and abdominal surgery.

His beautiful gardens, which he cultivated and cared for at River Pines, brought many a smile and cheer to the patients, who, of course, enjoyed the flowers in, both, the garden and their rooms. The death of Dr. Hay, early in 1917, left Dr. Walbridge broken in spirit. Due to his advancing years, he gave up his associate surgical directorship and its salary in 1921. However, still vitally interested in the work and in the patients, Dr. Walbridge returned during the summer months of each year to his beloved spot. In the Fall of 1921, Dr. Walbridge went to California, where he died in 1929. The "brick house", in accordance with the agreement made at the time Dr. Walbridge purchased his fifty shares became a part of River Pines. His shares of stock were distributed through his will to several nephews and nieces.

* * *

To paint the true picture of DR. JOHN W. COON, one would have to use oils in rich and variegated hues, spread on a broad canvas; and even then, the sunlit warmth of his smile, the shining beauty of his mind and spirit, could never be wholly captured or adequately reproduced by even the most talented artist. So, too, there are no words that could do him justice, or that might serve as a fitting tribute to his rare sweetness of temperament, his unwavering courage, his quietly forceful personality, and his shining example of patience, forbearance, and interest in his work.

Dr. John W. Coon was a combination of rare personal charm, medical skill, and exceptional administrative and organizing ability. He left his impress on every institution, on every type of work, and on every individual with whom he had more than

passing contact. His twinkling, kindly eyes could, on occasion, flash with indignation; his genial smile could vanish in determination or seriousness; and his voice would very seldom be raised even when he was deeply stirred. All these qualities with which he was endowed, gave him marvelous equipment for the work he set out to do--and which he did so well and with such far-reaching results.

Dr. John W. Coon hated tuberculosis with a blasting passion, and loved humanity with an eager intensity. Consumption had robbed him of his first sweetheart; moreover, as a young physician, his practice brought him into frequent touch with the tragedy of tuberculosis. When he was 30 years of age, he moved to Milwaukee, and here, as Registrar of Vital Statistics, came in daily contact with the mute testimonials of the devastating power of consumption. Later, as Superintendent of the Milwaukee County Hospitals, he saw the same evidence of the disease, but in mounting numbers.

Ever eager to help wherever he could, Dr. John W. Coon, like a true "Crusader", went down to New Mexico, to the Valmora Ranch Sanatorium and was its Medical Director for a year. In 1909, he was recalled to Wisconsin to become Superintendent and Medical Director of the State Sanatorium. During the five years of his stay at the State Sanatorium, he increased the bed capacity from forty to two hundred. He had the isolated, wind-swept, and lonely hill-sides landscaped, so that, today, it is one of the loveliest locations in the State. His crusading spirit virtually pushed him to accept, in 1914, the position of Superintendent of the 1000-bed Chicago Municipal Sanitarium. When the work was well organized, he returned to Wisconsin, and, again, began plans for the establishment of a private sanatorium. Before actual building began on the purchased tract of land on Pewaukee Lake in Waukesha County, word came to Dr. J. W. Coon from Dr. Hay that the latter, already in failing health, was anxious to turn over active management of River Pines to some good Doctor and he could think of no other more able and better

suited man than Dr. John W. And so it happened that Dr. Coon purchased the controlling interest, and assumed charge as Superintendent and Medical Director of River Pines Sanatorium. Dr. Hay remained as a consulting physician of River Pines until his death.

During the seventeen years that Dr. J. W. Coon was Medical Director at River Pines, many fine improvements were made. One of the important additions, which proved most helpful in the treatment of tuberculosis was the installation of the X-ray apparatus. Today, no one gets excited over the installation of X-ray machines in hospitals or clinics; however, at that time, to say the least, this installation was "revolutionary" news! There were but few places equipped for chest films; so Dr. John W. Coon could be justly proud, especially, since his apparatus provided for flourescopic and X-ray examinations.

The pneumothorax apparatus was purchased in 1918, Dr. John W. Coon being familiar with that type of treatment since 1910.

A semi-diesel engine that ran the electric generator on the grounds was installed in 1915; this made electrical current available for several motors and the installation of an electric dishwashing machine. Patients at River Pines have often wondered what the large block of cement near the River, back of the South Dormitory, was. That is a kind of lasting monument of just one of Dr. Coon's improvements--for there the electric generator worked away, day after day, improving the lighting facilities for all the patients.

It is hard to imagine anything more trying to one's patience, or more prejudicial to "perseverance in cure-taking", than mosquitoes. They, certainly, lived up to their publicity here on the banks of the Wisconsin River in the very heavily wooded grounds at River Pines. The early ambulatory patients can tell you how the mosquitoes would circle and zoom

down--Oh, yes, an entire squadron of jets--and veritably draw the blood--and brashly so--of any victim who dared to stick even a finger beyond the confines of the screen. At times, even screens gave no assurance of protection against the blood-thirsty hordes. It was, of course, Dr. John W. Coon who started clearing out the undergrowth, which was so thick that it was not possible to see from one building to another. He improved, also, the drainage of the grounds, which in time, helped to reduce the colonies of mosquitoes. These changes, together with the new dam at the upper paper mill, gave River Pines Sanatorium and its extensive grounds an opportunity to be appreciated and loved. The patients could now enjoy, both, their leisurely walks and rest periods in the open. So, it is no wonder that Dr. John W. Coon held such a unique place among the patients. He became "The Doctor whom the patients loved dearly."

In going over the records of the former patients, one cannot help notice the very frequent reference to Mrs. John W. Coon. It becomes very evident that this wonderful woman not only understood patients, but in her daily visits became a very real source of consolation to them. In her patients saw a true mother and a "comrade-in-arms", who encouraged them in the battle they were waging against the dread enemy to their health. There is no doubt that it was Mrs. John W. Coon who implanted at River Pines Sanatorium that family spirit, which still exists.

The strain of the Sanatorium work, with its many medical and administrative problems, to which Dr. J. W. gave himself tirelessly and indefatigably, at length proved too much for his advancing years; he gave up his loved task in May, 1933, to his son, Dr. Harold M. Coon. On September 17, 1934, at the age of 74, with the insignia of love toward all men stamped deeply on his heart, Dr. John W. Coon went to his Eternal Reward.

DR. HAROLD M. COON became Associate Medical Director in July, 1923. The first part of this "high-sounding" title was dropped in 1933, when Dr. Harold took over complete charge of the Institution. Needless to say, he carried on the work of his father in a peculiarly personal way, however, with an added alacrity and assurance, for he was reared in hospital and sanatorium environments.

Dr. Harold recounted that his first memory of tuberculosis was a group of brown tents at the Milwaukee County Hospital, where his father was Superintendent. The tents were set up so that cases of consumption could be isolated. He remembers, too, how, as a small boy, he poured cement for the foundation of the Superintendent's residence at the State Sanatorium.

In human relations it is difficult to mark the point where sympathy or understanding become love in action; just as it is hard to tell the precise moment when a flower becomes fruit, or a youth becomes man. But as fruit is the fulfillment of the flower, and as man is the realization of youth, so in human hearts deep, genuine, and lasting love is the gradual growing of our nobler emotions. So, it was with Dr. Harold M. Coon. His love for the patient was a day-by-day growth--an unfolding of pathos, understanding of the disease, its treatment, its progress its control; for in all these he was schooled under the inspiring guidance of his father, Dr. John W., in whose footsteps he followed so closely since his boyhood. In fact, Dr. Harold is so very much like his father in appearance and in temperament, that the two men, especially here at River Pines, are linked inseparably.

The years when he was left alone at River Pines Sanatorium, brought out yet another noble feature in Dr. Harold's character. It is, as we all know, comparatively easy to begin a contest; eagerness to test one's mettle, plus the confident assumption of an early victory, give the initial attack an air of

an adventure. But, once the battle settles down to a monotonous interchange of local successes and defeats, only grim tenacity can supply the reserve to continue through the long effort. Dr. Harold was faced with such circumstances; however, through years of seeming defeatism, with stern persistence, he continued to keep up the morale of the growing number of discouraged patients at River Pines.

The first improvement credited to Dr. Harold M. Coon, was a more efficient heating system for the patients' buildings. In 1930, oil burners were installed. When the cost of oil was increased to a prohibitive rate, these were replaced by coal stokers. These improvements made possible warmer dormitories, which gave more comfort to the patients during those long, cold winter months.

Dr. Harold initiated, also, the highly lauded improvement of the water system. River Pines always had its own pumping plant, but in the early days, there was no running water in the patients' rooms. Each room was equipped with a washstand, and hot water for washing was carried to the rooms three times a day. Moreover, the water was very heavily loaded with manganese, and this corroded the pipes so that there were frequent breaks between the walls and under ground. When the water was heated, it became brown and thick -- you really could get a "mud bath" free! After Dr. Harold's arrival, the Permutit System was installed, which cleared the water a great deal; some time later, Dr. Harold had running water installed in all the rooms. Naturally, he won the title of "The Nurses' Friend!"

Dr. Harold not only possesses outstanding business ability and organizing tact, but he has that brightly burning spark, which, I think, explains the fact that, even today, he is regarded a leader in the hospital and sanatorium fields.

Besides his work at River Pines, Dr. Harold M. Coon, in 1937, was chosen as Superintendent and Med-

ical Director of the State Sanatorium at Wales; and, ever since September 1, 1941, he has been Superintendent of the Wisconsin General Hospital at Madison where the seventh floor is devoted to the care of tuberculosis patients.

Mrs. Harold M. Coon is a generous, a magnanimous and noble woman, who will go out of her way to help make the patients happy. At River Pines she would bring flowers into the sick room on her daily rounds or, remember patients with some little gift on their birthday tray. The patients observing her at her work, readily tabulated lists of compliments, such as: gracious, resourceful, charming, fascinating, a store-house of goodness and of beauty!

Whenever there was a dress party, both Dr. and Mrs. Harold M. Coon would take part. Their masquerades were a source of entertainment and delight. Every Christmas Eve, Mrs. Harold Coon would arrange a holiday for the Nurses; then, with a tray loaded to the brim with good things to eat, "skip" up to them for a gala Eve.

On Christmas Day both Doctor and Mrs. Harold M. Coon made the rounds of all the buildings, while the patients had their Christmas dinner and exchanged toasts and greetings with them. This custom, which was begun during Dr. Hay's time, and continued with both Doctors Coon and their families, always brought much cheer and lifted spirits in a tremendous and memorable way.

* * *

DR. T. L. HARRINGTON, of the WATA Staff, became Medical Director of River Pines when Dr. Harold Coon took charge of the State Sanatorium. Dr. "T. L." or "Dr. Tim", as he was called for short, had been on the WATA Staff for over twenty years. He and Dr. J. W. Coon, as early as 1903, began outlining plans for the organization of the WATA. Dr. T. L. was one of Wisconsin's most militant crusaders and fighting pi-

oneers against tuberculosis. When good Dr. Dearholt held an active position on the WATA Staff, he tried to persuade Dr. Harrington to spend less time "on the road" and more in the office; however, with his usual "military acquiescence", Dr. Harrington refused to take it easy, even though at that time he recorded three score and ten years and had to contend with a tricky heart.

Dr. T. L. Harrington was born at Bear Creek, Wisconsin, on September 8, 1866. In 1890, he received his B. S. Degree at the University of Wisconsin, and did his graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania, which, incidentally, was founded by Benjamin Franklin, and whose medical school has the distinction of being the oldest in the country.

Dr. Harrington began his medical practice at Antigo, Wisconsin, remaining there for five years. There, too, the "witty young Irishman" became acquainted with, and courted, the beautiful "young school marm", Mary Burns. After their marriage the young couple moved to Milwaukee, where Dr. Harrington became interested in tuberculosis work. For several years he served on the Executive Committee of the WATA and later became its President. When World War I broke out, Dr. Harrington volunteered for service and was appointed Captain in the Medical Corps under Major General Wood. Upon returning to Milwaukee, after the Armistice was signed, Dr. Harrington again joined the Staff of the WATA, where he rendered faithful service for 23 years.

Dr. Harrington was imbued with missionary ardor and untiring energy; he was capable of feeling every throb of pain, every disappointment or discouragement, so well known and experienced by the tuberculosis patient. He carried on his work with such earnest eloquence and such patient and untiring effort, that only those few who were close to him, ever guessed the hindrance of his "fickle" heart. His record of service is long and influential; no clinic was complete unless Dr. Harrington was scheduled for one or more school or luncheon talks.

Dr. Harrington's acceptance of the position of Medical Director at River Pines must be laid at the feet of Mrs. Harrington, who was a marvel of patience, understanding, and kindness. When the offer came, Mrs. Harrington quietly insisted that her "Tim" leave the road and give a bigger share of his time to home-making; so, he finally capitulated and accepted the position. This, too, as he later remarked with a twinkle in his eyes, would give him an opportunity to care for the tuberculosis patient; but above all -- and the twinkle grew into a bright light--in this position he saw the door of opportunity opened for activities that would help to make the younger generation more physically fit. As a Major in the Army's Medical Corps in World War I, he came in contact with a great number of draft rejects, due to physical disabilities; no wonder, then, that he conceded to the task of Medical Director of River Pines.

Generous to a fault when he could bring solace and aid to a patient, Dr. T. L. had frugal habits, which brought many a smile, and more often a squirm, among the patients at River Pines, especially at meal time. For example, no one dared to leave the cereal untouched when Dr. T. L. was there -- and the Doctor was in the habit of taking all his meals with the patients every day! One of the favorite stories related by the patients during those days of T. L.'s Reign, was trying to bribe the Cook to make less cooked oatmeal! Of course, the cooks, on the other hand, worshipped the Doctor, because there were no left-overs to contend with, and no waste of food!

Soon, another password got around to all the patients; this was his favorite, "Lights out! Don't be so wasteful." Yes, those were the days when the Bookkeeper "blessed" the Director, the Cook had a happy song on her lips, and the Nurses had "no battles" to wage!

Some of the patients used to be irked at not

having received exercises as fast as they thought they should get them. The Doctor, being the intelligent man that he was, had as his motto, "Festina lente"--Make haste slowly. Whenever a patient asked for an added exercise, it would always be preceded by "Now Doctor, I have certainly taken thoughtful cognizance of "Festina lente", but couldn't I just .." However, the patient soon found out that the Doctor just loved those opportunities of "schooling" sense and good habits into the "scalawag's curriculum!"

While at River Pines, Dr. T. L. loved to play croquet with the ambulatory patients. By the way, River Pines has the unusual distinction of being the only place in the world where croquet is played in sub-zero weather -- and Dr. Harrington was the prime factor in bringing this about. With "malice toward none", it can be said that the doctor was the undisputed champion in the field of croquet, just as he was the champion in the fight against the Great White Plague.

Under his directorship, which began May 1, 1937, Dr. Harrington, who was a very devout Catholic, enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing River Pines become the first--and so far, the only--tuberculosis sanatorium in the State, owned and managed by a religious order. For it was on September 1, 1938, that the Sisters of St. Joseph, T.O.S.F., purchased the institution from Dr. Harold M. Coon. Dr. T. L. Harrington remained as Medical Director for three more years, before he retired from active service. When he returned to his home in Milwaukee, he continued to identify himself with the WATA activities.

The long and eventful life of this early pioneer in the Anti-Tuberculosis fight -- a pioneer who never lost his crusading zeal--ended on December 13, 1947.

* * *

This will, of necessity, have to be a "sketchy" portrait of DR. HENRY A. ANDERSON, the present Medical Director at River Pines. He happens to have his "fingers in so many pies" that it is impossible to do anything but make a listing of them. Suffice it to say, that he possesses that rare flame called genius, and that his personality is magnetized with sparks of great brilliance, which, no doubt, accounts for the fact that his life is a veritable treasure of deeply moving and richly satisfying experiences.

Dr. Henry A. Anderson was born March 6, 1909, at Ephraim, Wisconsin. What led him to choose a medical career is not exactly known; however, it probably was an outgrowth of his experiences gained from his close contact with people from all walks of life, who spent their summer months at the Anderson Hotel, where "Hank" grew up.

Dr. Anderson received his medical degree at the University of Wisconsin and later did post-graduate work at the University of Minnesota. His interest in tuberculosis is a proof of how the natural decisions of man can become the determination of God. For, it was his close and personal contact with tuberculosis among his family members and friends that made him decide in favor of joining the forces to fight the deadly bacilli, which were plaguing and diminishing so many fine members of society. The Staff at River Pines can see that it was a wonderful determination of God, which directed Dr. Anderson into this type of medical work, for he certainly is one of the finest physicians in the field of tuberculosis.

His internship was spent at the University of Wisconsin Hospital and at Pinehurst Sanatorium, where he was a resident and Assistant Medical Director for a year. Still recuperating from his own "bout with tuberculosis", young Dr. Hank assisted Dr. Harrington at River Pines for about nine months. This early personal experience proved invaluable in that it formulated a fuller and richer knowledge of

the problems of the tuberculosis patient.

Shortly before coming to River Pines, Dr. Anderson courted and married an attractive young high school teacher from Racine, Wisconsin, Miss Irene Schultz. The day chosen for their union was one that even the country could never forget: George Washington's birthday, February 22, 1941.

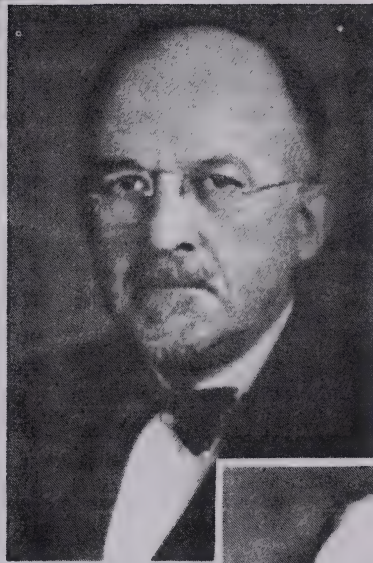
On October 1, 1941, when Dr. Anderson succeeded Dr. Harrington as Medical Director at River Pines, the Staff and the patients speculated on this "big, fair man". Would he be as capable a physician as Dr. T. L.? How would he treat the patients? Would he, so young, have enough experience in tuberculosis work? Was he competent? But when the handsome young Doctor accompanied Dr. Harrington on morning rounds, every one experienced a feeling that he would be, not only a good, capable Doctor, but also that his personality and background would win for him many friends and the confidence of his patients. Those who knew him spoke so well of Dr. Anderson, that it was not long before everyone realized how very fortunate River Pines was in having, again, the "very best" man for the job!

Dr. Anderson possesses a genuinely warmhearted and pleasing personality; and his versatile interests, which include sailing, photography, fishing, and woodworking, make him one of the most interesting conversationalists and unusually well-versed speakers.

Here is just a list of some of his activities, in which he has had responsible positions: President of the Portage County Medical Society, President of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association, President of the Village of Whiting, Past-President of the Trudeau Society, Past-President of the Kiwanis Club, Chairman of the State Medical Society--Division on Tuberculosis and Diseases of the Chest, Consultant for the State Board of Health, a Fellow of the American Medical Association, Member of the Exe-



Dr. Thomas H. Hay
First Medical Director
and Founder
1906-1916



Dr. Hoyt E. Dearholt
Associate of Dr. Hay
From 1906 to 1911,
as well as one of
the stockholders in
the First Corporation
of River Pines.



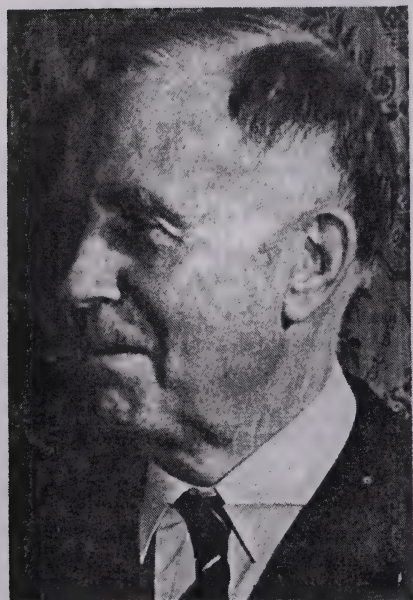
Dr. John W. Coon
Medical Director of River Pines
and Its Superintendent
for seventeen years
1916 - 1933



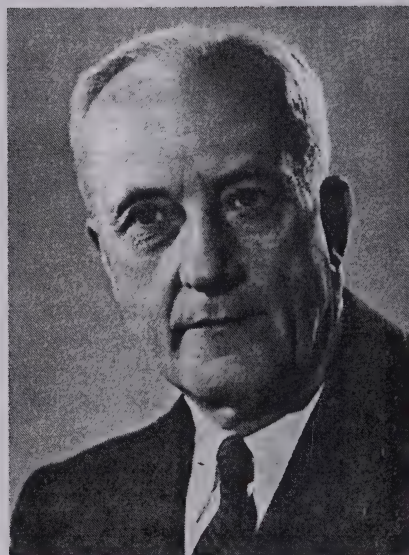
Dr. Harold M. Coon
Medical Director
and Superintendent
1923 - 1938



Dr. Henry A. Anderson
Medical Director
1941 -



Dr. T. L. Harrington
Medical Director
1938-1941



Dr. Arthur A. Pleyte
Present Medical Director
of the Wisconsin Anti-Tu-
berculosis Assn.

cutive Board of the Samoset Council of Boy Scouts, Member-at-Large of the National Council of Boy Scouts.

* * *

Mention, at least, must be made, and due acknowledgment given, to the other Doctors who have helped keep that "First Spike" in place.

Dr. Ryan from Milwaukee and Dr. Playte of the WATA Staff were quite frequent visitors to River Pines Sanatorium in its early history, coming as Consultants, as well as, giving aid whenever this was needed.

Dr. W. A. Gramowski of Stevens Point made regular visits, twice each week, to give pneumothorax treatments to the patients, during Dr. Harrington's term.

Dental work, when done at River Pines, was competently attended to by Dr. L. B. Crosby, who was as regular as an "electric clock". When he joined the Army in 1943, Dr. R. Lange took over the work. The most recent dentist to do work at River Pines was Dr. Pionkowski.



Dr. and Mrs. Harold Coon and Mrs. J. W. Coon entertain at a masquerade.

THE SECOND SPIKE!

---Bent, rusted, crooked yet today, glittering proudly with its Fiftieth Anniversary Gold, it binds the BUILDINGS into a unit with truly unique family spirit which has been an important factor in the history of River Pines.

"Sure, a little bit of heaven burst from out the skies one day ..." and landed on the Northern Banks of the Wisconsin River, here a spot so calm and so beautiful, that when Dr. Thomas Hay found it in 1906, sure, it looked and smelled so "piney" that he said to the Angels, who accompanied him, "Let's call it RIVER PINES!"

River Pines is about three miles south of Stevens Point. This city, incorporated in 1838, is the geographical center of the State, and is the seat of Portage County. Its present population is about 18,000. On the northern banks of the Wisconsin River is a section of land which was known to the timbermen and old loggers as Conants Rapids. The old Robinson Mill was built at the head of the Rapids, and this was just above the present 25-acre tract of River Pines. The first patients called this tangled bit of trees and shrubbery "Echo Dells".

The choice of site made by Dr. Hay was not a haphazard one. No, indeed, Dr. Hay was not that type of man; he took all his work seriously and planned things very thoughtfully. The spot must have impressed him with its combination of tall pines overlooking the River, its isolated, yet charming seclusion--away from the noise and pulsation of city traffic, yet close enough to the source of needed supplies. Furthermore, after a state-wide search, this site was preferred because of its high elevation. River Pines and its environs are a broad plateau, which forms one of the highest parts of Wisconsin. Because of the altitude--1100 feet--and be-

cause of the distance inland from the climatic influence of the Great Lakes, this region presents a dry, even climate, free from damp chilling winds and sudden pronounced changes in temperature. In fact, River Pines has an advantage over the health resorts of Arizona--accurate daily tests of the average winter humidity of this region show that it is lower than that of Arizona. (Government records were used for the latter details.) River Pines is midway between the Twin Cities of Minnesota and Milwaukee and Chicago. It is characterized by the same qualities which have made Wisconsin the summer playground of the Mississippi Valley States.

At first, River Pines was organized as a partnership, owned jointly by the two Doctors, Dr. Hoyt Dearholt and Dr. Thomas Hay. Dr. Dearholt handled the Milwaukee office and the developmental or promotional end, and Dr. Hay the actual "ground" and medical work at the Sanatorium. In October, 1911, River Pines had grown to such a point that further enlargement was indicated. To finance such additions, incorporation and the issuance of stock were undertaken. Dr. Hay took 300 shares of stock for his half of the partnership interest. Dr. Dearholt had 10 shares. Other Milwaukee Doctors who were solicited as incorporators were Doctors Charles H. Stoddard and Arthur J. Patek. Dr. Franklin Walbridge purchased 50 shares of the stock and assumed certain obligations. He agreed to equip an operating room in the West Dormitory, where bone, joint, and abdominal surgery was to be carried on by him. He proposed to build a residence on the grounds, which he was to hold during his lifetime. He was, also, to be salaried as an Associate Surgical Director.

The corporate organization continued until 1938 with only one change: in 1933 it became a non-profit corporation, and thus it remained until its dissolution in 1938. In September of that year, the assets were sold by Dr. Harold M. Coon to the Sisters of St. Joseph, T.O.S.F., who, also, are organized as a non-profit Wisconsin Corporation.

When the Sisters of St. Joseph took over the management of River Pines Sanatorium, tuberculosis was still regarded as a Number-One Killer, and an illness that bore a social stigma. This, the Sisters first entrance into the hospital field, was a kind of testing of the possibilities of fusing the consecrated love of the Religious members with Professional skill, which would bring to the unfortunate tuberculosis sufferers not only the language of love and solace that would, at least in part, eradicate the social stigma from the patients' horizon, but also, fill those "poor tuberculars" (as they were then called) with hope and renewed spirit. Equally important was their purpose to extend the benefits of modern care and medicine to the patients, which would result ultimately in a faster and more permanent cure.

* * *

Dr. Hay, when planning River Pines, had visited the ten existing sanatoria of the country. Dr. Trudeau's Sanatorium at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, New York, and Cragmoor Foundation in Colorado Springs, especially impressed him. Carrying these vivid pictures with himself, he consulted with Mrs. Hay, who was a competent architect. Both Dr. and Mrs. Hay once again visited the "Conants Rapids" area, and here Mrs. Hay must have visualized a veritable rest haven. It must be remembered that River Pines was started at a time when building sanatoria was in its infancy. Both in the tuberculosis centers of the East and far Southwest, the buildings were of a semi-permanent arrangement, known as "lean to" constructions. These had few, if any comforts, and the patients of that day had to be of "tough fibers" to withstand the hardships to which they were subjected. Dr. and Mrs. Hay were foresighted enough to see that a different standard must be established for their institution, because of the rigorous winters of the North, and principally, because River Pines would seek its clientele from patients who could af-

ford and would expect to obtain every comfort consistent with sanatorium regime.

Mrs. Hay designed the Administration Building, the Recreation Building, and the Cottages. The Administration Building was to house the offices, dining rooms, kitchen, stock rooms, as well as, rooms on the second floor for the employees. Four "east" cottages were built: two of them with double sleeping-porches and a living room, and two "hermit" cottages. Shortly after, the three "west" cottages were built, so that River Pines opened with twelve cottage beds. These cottage accommodations, with enough quaintness and woodland charm, were an integral part of the institution and appealed to those patients who preferred taking their cure in "camping fashion". In one of these cottages, Mr. Will Ross, author of "I Wanted to Live", while taking the cure, initiated his buying-and-selling business, which, eventually evolved into a hospital supply house, the Will Ross Inc.

At this time, too, River Pines could boast of one tent! One of the patients chose to take his cure in this original manner -- living out in the "tepee", summer and winter. This tent stood on the site of the present Doctor's front yard.

Only incipient cases were admitted. It was found, however, that even these patients needed complete bed rest at times, and so the East Dormitory, also designed by Mrs. Hay, was built in the spring of 1907. The East-Dorm has a living-room-sleeping-porch combination for each patient. This feature peculiar to River Pines, was so planned that either single or double occupancy could be arranged. The East Dormitory has one double and thirteen private sleeping porches; but 24 or 26 beds could be placed in the building, if necessary.

Dr. Harold Coon's former description of the East Dormitory and of the Club House is such a fine,

picturesque presentation, that I take the liberty of drawing from his work here:

Every patient has his own sleeping-porch, a very private refuge -- private insofar as the ability to shut other people out -- and yet wide open to the river, the birch and pines, the birds and animals of the woods, but chiefly the river. Just as you can sit quietly and look into an open fireplace, restfully and contentedly, so it is with the river -- at least that is what the patients have told me . . . it made possible a physical and mental rest--much to be desired to overcome a long term disease like tuberculosis. At first the porches were wide open, with canvas curtains that could be used to keep out the rain and the snow; later, screens were added in the summer time--there were mosquitoes in those woods.. In the winter, storm windows were added. Fresh air and sunshine were in those earlier days a part of the treatment which was insisted upon. Each porch faced the south; one-half of them had a western exposure, and the other half of them an eastern exposure. Each patient had a dressing room, a cheerful, comfortable room, heated in the winter into which the bed could be moved, for a breakfast on sub-zero mornings, for a bed bath, or on nights when things were not going so well -- and these days did come. Some of the dressing rooms were designed for two patients, some had an attached bathroom. This is River Pines style.

The Club House is worth further mention. The building is of fieldstone with a frame second floor. A wide open porch encircles the building, except the north side. Here the patients who could would come after their rest hours to sit in the Adirondack chairs--that was part of the cure in early days. The first floor is one large open room, divided somewhat by a large fireplace made of the same fieldstone. Here, too, is the library. With a piano, davenport and comfortable chairs, this is an ideal spot for parties, church services, musicals, movies, and the like; there, too, was the occupational the-

rapy workshop--this was, indeed the Club House. Its English basement housed the bath and toilet facilities for the cottage patients; later the X-ray and examining rooms were added. The Laboratory, first set up by Dr. Paul Ferrier, a doctor-patient, in 1914, was housed in the attic of the Club House.

In a more recent renovation the Laboratory was moved from the attic to the ground floor; the X-ray Department was enlarged and brought up to date. In 1952, a Culture Laboratory, quite unique in that it was made from a former coal bin, was added. With the Registered Medical Technician in charge, this facilitates the culture of the tubercle bacilli and makes the services to the tuberculosis patient more efficient.

The following re-print of an article about the Club House, written by a former patient on the eleventh anniversary of his admission to the Sanatorium, and which he entitled: "A Building of Character Hewn from Native Rock", may be of interest:

How many years ago it was built I do not know. It was there when I arrived, and when last I saw it, some months ago it was just as before, mellowed a bit by its traditions, but the luster of its many colors undimmed by time. The handwork of man, perhaps, for man gave it form but to me, the handiwork of God, for God gave it life and instilled in it the character of His rugged rocks.

The story is still told of that hour when in the midst of its building, the builders heard the great fireplace in its center begin to move and settle. Unmindful of their danger they rushed to the center of the building and with props and braces stopped the settling, which had it continued, would have pulled the building about them like a deck of cards. For this was no ordinary fireplace of brick and

plaster, and this no ordinary building, but one of great weight, builded from heavy rocks that had withstood for centuries the tempestuous waters of the rushing river.

And so it stands today, a thing of beauty and a thing of character, sheltering its communicants from the storms of winter, a cool recess against the heat of summer; holding to its breast the memories of the happiness of other days, the never-ending friendships formed; holding out to the sick folks of this day the story of the successes of those who have gone before.

May its shadow never grow shorter. May it ever continue thus to serve a shrine where sick hearts find peace and sick bodies are made strong.

* * *

The dining-room, located in the Administration Building, was, and is, an important place for the patients. Saturday nights used to be "steak and coffee nights" and Sunday dinners were the good old fashioned kind. Here the patients delighted in entertaining their family or visitors over the weekends. Today, the patients still look forward to "going out to dine". Whether it is the walk from their dormitory, the pleasant company of other patients, or the thought that these are their "last steps" before going home, we do not know; nevertheless, appetites soar high, visits into town become more frequent for "larger Sizes", and sunshine not only lightens every nook of the grounds, but also penetrates to the very marrow of their bones.

In 1911 the West Dormitory was added to this Restful Village. This was a three-story building with fourteen private rooms, an operating room, the Nurse-Supervisor's room, and the Nurses' Office.

Today the West Dormitory has a 23-bed capacity. Without any added construction, this seems incredible, but such marvels are "mirabile dictu"--wonderful to relate. With the advent of chest surgery, performed by experienced physicians at the Wisconsin General Hospital in Madison, the former Dr. Walbridge operating room on the third floor was transformed into a double-bed room; also the open porch on the second floor was built in for two more beds; and the Nurses' porch on the third floor was converted into two private patient rooms. The room next to the drug room is usually reserved for some patient who cannot take the cold days and nights on the sleeping porches.

When Mrs. Ann Whiteside, a former patient at River Pines, wrote her History of the Institution, she told us that a Mrs. J. L. Olson was the first patient to be admitted to the West Dormitory. Since that day of May 6, 1911, thirty-five "Olsons" have passed the doors of the West building. Quite a fine piece of advertising Mrs. J. L. Olson!

At about this time, too, Dr. Hay's home was built beyond the "Turtle Creek", which runs through the Sanatorium grounds. This, later, was Dr. J. W. Coon's home, and from 1930 to 1937, also Dr. Harold Coon's, until the latter left for his position at Statesan. It then became the residence of Dr. T.L. Harrington. Today, it is a pretty, modernized, yellow frame residence for the Dr. Henry A. Anderson family.

In 1912, the brick house, which the Sister Nurses today occupy, was built by Dr. Walbridge. In 1954, the increased Sister-personnel necessitated enlarging the second floor, making room for eight more sleeping rooms. Prior to this, eight beds were "compressed" into three small rooms, allowing no extra space for even a chair or a bedside stand for each. The Staff had a standing joke about that second floor: "It was an inch-square trying to hold up sixteen feet!"

At the close of the first World War, when so many soldiers were returning home, ill with tuberculosis, more beds were needed to hospitalize these men. Here, at River Pines, the South Dormitory, with eight private sleeping porches and four inner-dressing rooms was built in 1921, for the admission of the soldiers from this area. This building followed the same unique pattern of construction, the plans, however, allowed for an attractive parlor on the first floor.

The sleeping porches in all the buildings have again taken on a new appearance: they have been enclosed with windows and the floors straightened out. The latter improvement, proved somewhat disappointing to the patients, for, as they remarked: "no more sliding nor skiing in bed! -- and, "there are no four-inch blocks under the bed legs that can be used for nut-cracking at Christmas time." The varied in-laid flooring and the multi-colored walls have sent into oblivion those gray, cold-looking walls and the black hall runners. Even the stairways have a new look. One or two squeaks have been left in each building just so the memory of "those good old days" will not be totally lost, but may continue to re-echo throughout the place the deep gratitude to the wonderful men who made River Pines possible.

Preparations are under way, at present, for the construction of a new administration building, to provide for more adequate facilities. This step has been taken to relieve the pressure for accommodations and was made possible by the Ford Foundation Grant of \$31,900.

The buildings at River Pines are not at all pretentious; yet, somehow, there is a hidden charm, which even the reluctant patient comes to feel in spite of himself. Perhaps the following, spoken by Mr. Charles David, on March 10, 1956, when he came in for a check-up, best explains the feeling of the patients: "When I first came here, had I been able, and not watched so closely, I would have jumped

out of the first window and ran, pell-mell, home! But, I don't know what it was, whether my good luck in winning at card games and in croquet, or that hidden something out here -- well, I really don't know, but I sure was mighty lonesome when I got home. I missed River Pines!"

And such, today, is River Pines Sanatorium: four main dormitories and six cottages. The latter, for the past two years, have not been occupied and will be, eventually, removed. Thus, as of January 1, 1956, River Pines reduced its capacity from 62 to 50 patients. This year, one of the cottages, in fact, the one in which Mr. Will Ross began his hospital business, is used as an office by Mr. Alphonse Gion, the Tri-City Area Executive Director of the WATA.

Thus far you have envisioned only the patients' dormitories, held up by this Second Spike. Actually this big nail supports a number of other physical plants, which today may seem primitive and inconvenient, but to those who lived through that era, they were "wonderful to have".

* * *

Further reminiscing brings recollections of much fussing and fuming when the lights went out and the coffee could not be cooked in time for breakfast and how the cooks wanted to scalp the poor little squirrel that jumped on the main transformer, and, with the most gentle touch of her paw, plunged all into darkness, resulting in a late breakfast and bristled faces.

The bells on the porches operated on batteries, and, of course, there were no electric blankets, sheets, nor pads; no, even our famous heating cans were unknown. Hot water bottles were filled three times a day, and the nurses had to get up once during the night to re-fill them. During the first nine years "acetylene" lamps were used; these hung from the ceiling and were lighted with a long wick, like

the old street lamp-lighters used. But these lamps were in use only from dusk until 9:30 p.m., when the machine was shut off. The lamps burned gas, fed from a tank, which was pumped up every evening. Without a doubt, some of the patients must have seen these lamps, as they were used almost exclusively in public places as well as in many homes before the days of electricity. At any rate, "lights out at 9:30 p.m.", is still the rule at River Pines! It is interesting to note that the first power plant was planned and built by one of the patients, Mr. Harold Suhs, a University of Wisconsin graduate.

Early in February of 1920, electric current from the Central Station in the city became available, and River Pines contracted for the service. The following year, electric ranges were installed in the main kitchen, and a year or two later, small electric ranges were placed in the diet kitchens of the West and East Dormitories. This was a great aid in keeping the food warm after it was sent out from the main kitchen. In the earlier days, food was wheeled over to the buildings in steam tables heated by gas. Mrs. Eccleston, Nurse Supervisor, could tell us about the basement snacks in the West Dormitory, where in real-camp-fire fashion, coffee and toast would be made over a good bed of coals. Sometimes alcohol lamps and the old-fashioned wire rack toaster were used.

The installation of electricity was a great aid in the heating system, too. Hard coal was used originally for heating the buildings for many years; oil burners were tried out in 1929; then, finally, hand-stoking was replaced with automatic stokers, between 1935 and 1937.

* * *

Closely associated with buildings are their surroundings. Most of the grounds belonging to the Institution have been left in their pristine natural beauty. No attempt has been made to improve upon

the studied riot of nature; the broad river and the long, green woods, form an irresistible combination of never-ending charm. Graceful fern-brakes and wild shrubbery grow in tangled beauty, set off by the glories of the colors of wild flowers and the crimson berries of the wintergreen; these latter provide many a patient with a "chewy mint cocktail". Here, too, the patient can listen to natural harmonious sounds, like the drumming of the partridge, the insistent hammering of the woodpecker, the scolding jabber of the squirrels, the shrill call of the flicker, the plaintive tones of the mourning doves, the crackling of the ice in the spring, the mysterious swishing sound of the water under the icy blocks. All this speaks a silent lesson, easy to understand when you are in daily, close commune with nature. It is no wonder then, that many a patient at River Pines betook himself to the woods for his daily walks, and on his return boasted of the patch of violets he discovered, or of the new birds to be added to his fast-growing list.

Art Hanson wrote in one of his articles in the Sanagram:

"River Pines is on the bend in the Wisconsin River, where the waters of Echo Rapids have hollowed out a cove that they may rest before resuming their mad race to the sea; here on the banks of 'Beautiful Wisconsin', the patients leisurely walk the trails, carpeted by God in various hues of green; and the trails lead one through a grove of giant trees. To such heights do they lift their heads that the patients call these woods the 'Cathedral'---a leafy sanctuary where we might forever be sure of rest, peace, calm, quiet and understanding ---happy surroundings that strengthen the will to win and bring you close to God, the Creator of all this beauty. Here, too, the patients watch and listen to the River, turbulent, and almost 'mad' in its race down to the rapids."

There were times, nevertheless, when Nature took a bolder stand. Winters formerly ruled over River Pines like bureaucrats, storing up their white shiny, but effective, ammunition as high as the fence posts. The snow drifts and unplowed roads into town were real problems; and the sudden plunges of the thermometer into sub-zero domains kept Lady and Cobb, the Sanatorium's own team of fine horses at home. These inclemencies, however, were braved by those dauntless Nurses, who would walk evenings into town for diversion. After the entertainment, they would go to the livery stables and try to bribe the proprietor into hitching his team to a sled to drive them home. There were times--Oh, cruel world! when even their most coquettish pleadings could not melt the cold heart of the proprietor, and they had to return as they went forth, plowing their way back on foot. The patients--most of them were ambulatory at that time--not permitted to emulate such courage, on cold days would gather around the fire-place in the Club House and arrange for a picnic supper rather than risk the cold and icy walks to the dining-room.

Strange as it may seem, there were spring and summer difficulties, too, which frequently proved to be a real menace to the welfare of River Pines. The ice jams on the River often played havoc, causing floods in the basements, in the pump house, and in the electric plant. At one time, two of the janitors were trapped when trying to remove the dynamo. The men were rescued by means of ropes, but the dynamo had to remain where it was; and, consequently the Institution was without lights and power for over three days. Kerosene lamps had to be salvaged from the attic or basements and put into dignified operation again.

The "spring buggy" rides into town actually felt like rolling along in a flour sifter; the sand was ground and sifted between the spokes and very frequently thrown overboard into one's shoes, pock-



Flooded Power House during Spring ice jams,
right after the rescue of the two janitors.

ets, and even eyes, ears, and nostrils. In 1920, the Paper Mill built the first concrete road into town, which improved transportation for the Sanatorium, too. Sherman Road, or the lane leading to the Sanatorium grounds is a private road, and it is only in recent years that the Village of Whiting helps in its maintenance.

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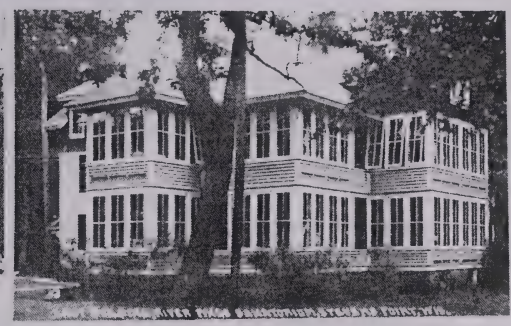
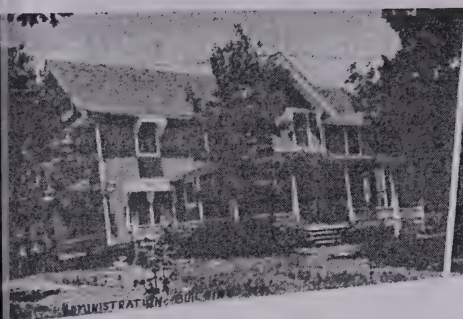
River Pines never was, and never will be the sort of place which would gain worldly recognition and renown. Its past and its present administrators have no ambition that it ever become a large institution. No effort was ever made to force its growth past the point where each patient may have the closest and the most personal medical attention and nursing care. Nor will it ever be permitted to lose the home-like atmosphere, which differentiates it from the ordinary institution. It still provides every possible requisite to the scientific treatment of tuberculosis, every possible comfort and every attention, yet, even greater than these, it provides its patients with an all-invigorating spirit, which reminds one of the old traditional lore, that, "In the heart of the pine tree lived the God Who made man well." Thus hope, a strong resolve, and a tenacious persistency supplant a destructive languor; patients at River Pines be-

come not merely patients ill with tuberculosis, but students in a school of proper regulations, peace -- and cheer. Although there is an enforced routine to follow, the patient quickly adapts himself and really begins to live!

Truly, this Second Spike, though bent and rusted, still provides an excellent place for those who wish to cure quietly, serenely, safely, and surely.



The bridge over the "Turtle Creek" has always been a resting place and a favorite with the patients; on the left is the first bridge (1906) with Will Ross in one of his meditative moods; above is the present bridge with Mr. and Mrs. James Paasch during one of their tête-à-tête pauses.



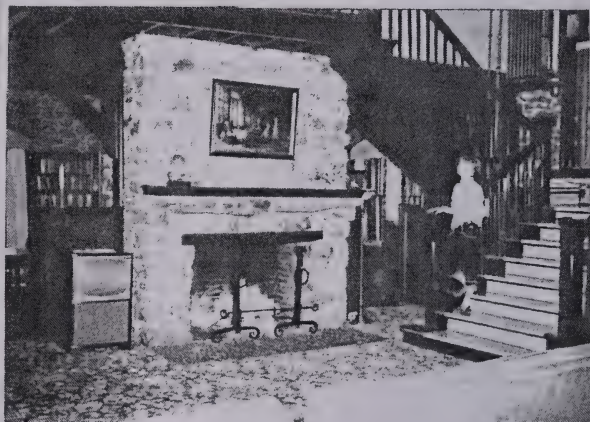


The spacious Club House Porch, showing patients resting in the Adirondack chairs. The Golden Anniversary Banquet was held here.



The Club House
View shows the
Northern exposure.

Interior of the Club House, showing the sturdy fireplace and the Television Set purchased by Stevens Point Organizations for the patients at River Pines.



THE THIRD SPIKE . . .

This is the most important, the most impressive of all the "spikes"; for this we built the Sanatorium--for this we trained, worked, and served. This is the brightest of all the "nails". Today it claims and holds up a long list of our PATIENTS. God love them all!

One looks in vain in the history of any hospital for some "human-interest story" of its alumnae, finding very little beyond some statistical listing of cases: so many appendectomies, so many gall-bladder surgeries, so many babies born... To us at River Pines, cases as such, have not made the roster of Medical Research or Treatment; but we do feel that the vital part of our Sanatorium, namely the patients, deserve a historical spotlight in this account. Their inclusion here serves another purpose, too. We know that these can be both an inspiration and a model for anyone who is, or may become, a potential host of tuberculosis, or any long-term disease.

Looking back from our promontory of the twentieth century, we note that the largest outstanding group of patients were thinking men and women, whose mode of thought and ways of doing things, as well as, their spirit with which they took their cure, were bound to influence other cure-takers.

The various combinations of the different factors involved have resulted in a galaxy of patients at River Pines, who, while fighting an uphill battle, showed a predominantly cheerful spirit, thus leaving an indelible and pronounced mark on the History of the Sanatorium.

It would be impossible, and, perchance, even precarious, to try to classify or describe all of

the patients who have been, or are, at River Pines, because there are no two people in the least alike-- "God made no carbon copies of His creation"---moreover, no one ever really knows anyone else; for there is always a part which remains secret and hidden, concealed in the deepest recesses of his soul. So this History will make no attempt at any detailed description nor listing.

Up to the year of 1945, when the Free Care Law was passed in Wisconsin, the patients came from various walks of life. River Pines gave treatment and the best nursing care available, as well as, serene and peaceful rest, to bankers, teachers, scholars, lawyers, editors, clergy, doctors, industrialists, students, business men, animal trainers, and others. The necessary long-term cure and treatment of those days were beyond the means of the laborer, the farmer, and the housewife; these were medically and socially pigeon-holed, so to say. But even among the former groups of patients, only a few could afford to complete the cure. And so, the White Plague spread its ugly domain and clutched at the door of almost every home, luxurious and poor, alike. However, with the advent of County Sanatoria and the Free Care Law of Wisconsin, about 80% of the patients admitted to River Pines were from the immediate and surrounding farming areas.

Biographical sketches, even if they be minia-
cures, bring to each one of us the things we ought to know about the great, who have gone before us. To remain ignorant of the highlights of those wonderful lives who have fought the battle against the White Plague would be to deprive ourselves of that heritage left to us by some of the world's greatest characters.

Though most of the patients were obscure, except in the locality from which they came, some attracted attention because of the success they achieved, either while taking the cure or after their return home. That coveted spark of genius,

resulting usually in some record of courageous achievement is kindled in creative minds regardless of class, character, or position. These, our patients, are the crusaders of the past half-century in the fight against tuberculosis -- men and women through whom hope outshines the radiance of t h a t torchlight held aloft the double-barred c r o s s ; aspiring souls, who have made the ascent, surmounting all the difficulties imbedded in the millstone of a long-term affliction, which, though it m a y clamp down physical activity, does, nevertheless, offer an opportunity to discover or to develop t h a t hidden spark.

* * *

A number of the patients who could be grouped among those intellectuals who were creative with a prolific use of their inkwell, were even unaware of the hidden potentialities within their minds and hearts. Here is what Mrs. Bessie Howard of Chicago, who was at River Pines in 1919, wrote so beautifully:

"In the old days I madly rushed and dashed around, spending time so rapidly it rarely seemed to be in my grasp. Now I have sixty minutes in every hour, a n d they are mine to do with as I please. ... Time to read in luxurious peace; time to gather certain little blossoms of life, which formerly I was too busy to notice.. time to take excursions with my own thots time to absorb the bewitching beauties of nature, and study the bewildering variety of human-kind."

There were patients, like Mr. Will Ross, Wisconsin's most celebrated Sanatorium alumnus, who was at River Pines from 1909 to 1914. Mr. Ross could write plain facts in such an interesting style as to make the most lackadaisical sit up attentively and read his every word with absorbing and devouring avidity. Let me give here a few quotes from his

articles and you will agree that Will Ross could elevate the plain facts to truly artistic heights:

"Curing tuberculosis in the first person singular is very much of a business and like any other business, to be successful, must be managed on sound business principles. Slipshod methods and incompetency, inevitably result in bankruptcy with no assets. Moreover, it is a business where one must 'paddle his own canoe'; it admits of no partnerships, because the profits are a human life, and a life cannot be split up and doled out like a 10% dividend. . . . The sooner the tuberculosis patient makes up his mind that he has a real job on his hand, if he expects to be a stop-over on his ticket to eternity, and gets down to business, the sooner and surer will be his success. . . .

"...Beginning with the fundamental doctrines of 'fresh air', wholesome food, and rest,' the patient must learn how to apply them to the cure, and he soon finds that there are hard and fast rules which must be followed. It is because of placing his interpretation on what constitutes fresh air, what constitutes wholesome food rest and the minor details of the c u r e, that the average patient loses his or her fight...

"The period of infection with tuberculosis is not a vacation. It is a 24-hour a-day job. True, it is a period of idleness, but one of intelligent, directed, idleness...No business precepts have ever been written for the benefit of the ambitious young man which advise him to spend his day in planning for the evening's enjoyment. Business isn't built that way; it counsels him to 'get busy', and keep

your eyes off the clock!" This advice fits just as well in the business of beating tuberculosis as it does in selling merchandise."

In another article, "The Cured and Half-Cured", Will Ross wrote a classic for students of cure-taking. This has been reprinted in many sanatorium journals, and today is still the B E S T advice. We can quote only a few passages here:

"...In our journey through life, rare is the individual who doesn't acquire a certain number of major troubles; so in the face of the fact that thousands of people die of tuberculosis, I still say there are many worse things which we can encounter. At any rate, we know .. that if we're willing to take the necessary time and exercise, the requisite amount of perseverance, we can get well from tuberculosis.

"So, I would say that the individual with tuberculosis who indulges himself with a lot of gloomy reflections on how badly the world has used him is wasting a lot of time and mental effort that might be devoted to better things. Whatever it has been in the past, the outlook for the tuberculosis patient today is a hopeful one, not only for successful cure but also for a return to a life of usefulness.

"There is a great temptation in these days when jobs are easy to get, for tuberculosis patients whose cure is progressing well, to want to jump the gun. The temptation to be out earning good money now weighs heavily against taking the time necessary to make the cure complete. To succumb to that temptation

is a great mistake. There isn't a job in the world worth jeopardizing a complete and successful cure."

There were a few bright literary stars, like Mr. Frank Burgess, whose charming lines hold you under a spell. His warm and picturesque style literally forces you into unconditional surrender to its beauty and depth of feeling. Mr. Burgess, publisher of the La Crosse Tribune before and after his "sojourn" at River Pines, braved two periods of cure-taking; his first time in 1928, and again in 1933. You can almost re-live those days and moments with Frank as you read his "The Resurrection and the Life":

"Imagine, then, the cataclysmic doom that crashed about me when I heard, as though an eavesdropper at another's door the sentence of good Dr. Evans that tore me from the web of throbbing life and whisked me away at three days' notice to serve a sentence of at least a year in almost solitary confinement! No, imagination will fail you. None who has not actually experienced the thing can possibly comprehend it.

"I recite this falling of the skies upon me for a definite purpose, for it marks the first step on the road to recovery which, just at this point, every victim of tuberculosis either finds or misses. The touchstone here is the complete arrest of animation. Life, mental and physical, must cease to be a burden to those resources which are not to be taxed to their limit in the process of recuperation. All the complex manifestations of your being, work and play, aspirations and responsibilities, you must take from your shoulders as completely as one lays aside a coat...

"...There were moments of insurrection, growing more infrequent as time went on. It was not 'breathless darkness and the narrow house' that came to plague me. Not death, but to be alive and not live! These moments wore away under a sort of self-mesmerism. I set myself to the task of complete capitulation to both external and internal authority, perfect co-operation, and contentment. I am sure it surprised my beloved jailers, always on the alert for some sortie of my naturally insurgent nature.

"...You are sorry for yourself ? That's bad. Pessimism is a dangerous negative, destructive of the will to win. There is healing in optimism. Moments of self-pity came upon me. I knew this wouldn't do. I fell to reviewing the stories of those about me; the boy snatched out of college, still fighting an uphill battle after two years; the nice little schoolgirl who had spent enough time in the sanatorium to have finished her college course, still winning her slow way back; the 2-year 'Man from Dakota' whose promised Christmas furlough was thwarted by a telegram announcing the appearance of a contagious disease in his home; our talented young house editor held here while a distinguished career in art awaited her; my neighbor shanghaied by disease to the peril of a business institution which he had just succeeded in launching; a young father and husband... whose mind never escaped the picture of his little family toiling and sacrificing to 'save Dad'; the 71-year old inmate who was to have a trout fishing outing in April--and did; the young mother who never had held her baby in her arms!

These--and could I pity myself? They shamed me out of my selfishness.

...
"All of life's episodes bring their assets. A segregated life in such a colony as that at River Pines pays dividends in deep personal attachments. I shall never forget the friends acquired up there on the shores of the Wisconsin, for they are as much a part of me as is that sequestered year which gave them to me.

"First and foremost, is that distinguished scientist and philosopher, Dr. J. W. Coon, 'J.W.' as he is affectionately known. From day to day there hung upon his word, lives to save -- and this was his own life's one ambition. His mere presence seemed magic to his guests, for he possessed that healing influence that resides in great personalities.

"Then there were the morning calls of Dr. Harold M. Coon, the chief's able and amiable son and associate, one of the best beloved. When my convalescence was on its way, Dr. Harold and I re-played the college football games and together won the Bix Ten conference championship for Wisconsin -- until the supreme court of Fate reversed us..."

Here is a saucy, independent, and entirely different vein from the pen of Alice E. Lyons, who was at River Pines from 1934 to 1936. Her closest pal and friend, Alma Ball, said that Alice "Had the best sense of humor I had ever seen in a patient", and Alma should know; she took the cure in four different series; and each time with greater courage, hope and high spirits. Here is a short quote from "A Bronx Cheer for Chickadees" by Alice Lyons:

"If anyone gives me a Bird Guide or a stuffed owl, he's off my list of best pals. Pet canaries, collections of bird pictures that come with boxes of baking soda, cuckoo clocks and lovebirds, let them all stay out of my life forever. The whole tribe of our feathered friends (who began that feathered friend idea?) can all take off for PagoPago tomorrow, and there won't be a murmur from me.

"I wasn't always so bitter, and if good St. Francis of Assisi is listening, I hope he won't look upon me too disapprovingly ...

"...my whole viewpoint changed. I went to bed on a porch. All would still have been well--I'd have gone on treating the birds like little gentlemen, and our entente would still have been perfect. But these birds were spoiled, pampered, fed crumbs (and, for all I know, ham hocks -- and layer cakes) by every patient on a porch. Well, birds on a dole--you can imagine! Their figures were ruined, and they were fat and pompous and heavy with riotous living. Most of them were chickadees, the Janet Gaynors of the birdworld all looking like Mae West..."

"A Study in Entomology" was written by the Rev. Chas. J. Bier, as he himself related, because of his exasperation at the flies, wasps, mosquitoes and other "creatures" who were so audacious as to invade the privacy of every patient, at any time of the day or night, without any announcement or warning; flying around from room to room, making sport of the ladies' fears and jeering the "tempestuous" front of the men:

"Flies are things with legs and wings
And beaks that gather germs;
They get on meat and wipe their feet
And multiply in swarms.
Moral: "Swat that fly!"

Wasps are things with dreadful stings;
That's why most people fear them.
When they get mad, it's just too bad
For one who gets too near them.
Moral: 'Stop, look, and listen!'

Mosquitoes are, without a par,
The meanest, low-down critters,
They hatch in mud and vamp one's blood
And cause malaric jitters.
Moral: 'Keep them out!'

Fireflies are rather wise;
Apparent is their wisdom.
When in the dark they go to spark,
They take their flashlights with them.
Moral: 'Watch your step!'

The little ants do't wear no pants
When busy digging cellars.
They don't take time with friends to dine
Or go out with their fellers.
Moral: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard!'

The tiny fleas, with greatest ease,
Outjump all other creatures.
They always bite when out of sight,
For these are their main features.
Moral: 'Shun bad company!'

And before I leave the "literary men and women"
I can not resist adding a few lines from Art Han-
son's articles. Art was at River Pines from 1939
to 1948, and came back for a "post-graduate" course
in 1951. During the years of cure-taking, and es-
pecially when as editor of the Sanagram, Art had a
most fascinating habit of injecting "grace notes"
into the most commonplace topics; little interesting

and rippling bits, written with sparkling wit. Read and enjoy this quote from his "A Pig Tale":

"By the dawn's early light she was seen making herself quite at home about the grounds. For a few days it made quite a hullabaloo and stir of interest and amusement with the patients. Her ill-mannered and winsome ways, like only a saucy blonde has, made many friends; you see Daisy Mae was a blonde, a rather cute one, too.

"Upon walking past Byron Olson's window, she could be heard saying, 'Norsk, Norsk,' and Ole sat up and said, 'Yes, sure I'm Norsk, all right.' Meandering around, she made her way to the back door of the kitchen, which became quite a permanent rendezvous. Maybe it was because Sister Leandra talked pig Latin to it, -- or, was it because of what she brought out?

"For over a week Piggy had practically the run of the place. Vainly its owner was sought. With so many good ration points running around loose, Albert C. carried a wicked, hungry gleam in his eye that boded the pig no good. However, the day came when the owner arrived. Squealingly and reluctantly Daisy Mae yielded to her captors. Perhaps she has joined the armed forces, not in the form of a WAVE, WAC, or SPAR, but surely as a spare rib or pork chop. They, too, must serve."

Or, consider the following taken from his "Idyllic River Pines", written on the occasion of the 40th Anniversary of the Sanatorium:

"The exercise patients enjoy perfect

paradise, walking the trails of the Whispering Pines. Brief walking distance brings to view an awe-inspiring sight and a doxological reverence regarding two giant pines, which, when mere seeds, fell by the wayside on seemingly barren rock. The seeds took life and thrived because of their grim determination to live. The trees rest directly on top of an expansive rock, the roots extend enormously in all directions, for many feet, clinging desperately and firmly to life, gathering what nourishment they can from every crevice -- partly filled with precious soil, wafted in by the good winds. A great lesson in life! ..."

Miss Frances Gallagher, former resident of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, was a patient at River Pines Sanatorium from 1932 to 1937. Her life is a complete refutation of the fallacious theory that sanatorium cure-taking is an absolute waste of time.

No book has ever been written on the "paths of the mind"--these tracks of the heart, the mind, the memory and the soul of man. But surely, there is a place in our libraries for just such a book. For paths have shaped the fortunes of man.

Frances Gallagher is an outstanding and glorious example of traveling the difficult path of a long-term disease--tuberculosis. She made this path her mine of golden opportunities, for the future. Her letter, written on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of River Pines Sanatorium, best brings out her wonderful acumen of "stealing time", which opened the doors of success in the field of rehabilitation.

"My stay at River Pines from 1932 to 1937, was a memorable period of my life, and through the years I have been grateful for the lessons I learned while 'on the cure', and have actually been glad to have had the rich experience of having had tuberculosis. It has been a

gainful experience for me, since it resulted in my having the privilege of becoming a Rehabilitation Counselor in tuberculosis. I was employed by the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association for four years, after which I enrolled at the University of Wisconsin to complete work toward my B.A. Degree. I then joined the Staff of the Virginia Tuberculosis Association as Rehabilitation Consultant and tried to help to set up programs in tuberculosis hospitals in the State. I then spent five years as Director of Guidance at the Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center. Since August 1955, I have been associated with the Virginia Vocational Rehabilitation Service as Program Supervisor for the Disability Freeze Program. I am also a part-time student at Richmond Professional Institute working toward my M.A. Degree in Rehabilitation Counseling.

...

"Those of us who have been blessed with a return to health and with an opportunity to be of service in any way we can have a real responsibility to continue furthering the success of the efforts in control of tuberculosis.

"The fine spirit of River Pines Sanatorium through the past fifty golden years will go down in history as a major contribution to helping eradicate tuberculosis, and helping enrich the lives of patients so well cared for by an unselfish, courageous staff..."

I wish I could give out gold medals (or should I make it halos?), or more appropriately "golden nails" to all the patients. Each one in his or her own way is deserving of recognition, and I imagine, each one too, would like to get into print. As dear Mrs. Eccie would say: "My, my, we certainly have had the gamut of talent and a motley crew of abilities." Yes, there

were men of engineering genius and ingenuity, like our Mr. Harold G. Suhs (1913-1914), who planned and installed the electric generator at River Pines; or, like Mr. Lennox B. Birkhead, who could serve on any Safety or Building Committee from fire escapes to bridges. And in this class we also had such a wizardly engineering statistician as Mr. Jean Peyrot. And, if you got tangled up with the law, there were lawyers to fight your case and give you pertinent advice.

* * *

River Pines can list the subtle, the blatant, the brash and the timid dreamers, plodders, realists, carpenters, plumbers, farmers, students; patients with iron courage, who joyously repeated: "Thy will be done"; those, whose illness drew them so completely aside from the world that they permitted themselves to be enveloped in a mist of impenetrable silence--surely, these latter must have passed a veritable desert through their illness, for they seemed to have a perpetual dryness that stood between their hearts and lips. There were those, too, who would not admit the seriousness of their illness and who brazenly rebelled against the cure, the service, the food; everything and nothing was an obstacle against which they fought a losing battle.

And during the last few years there was an increase of those beloved patients who had an air of dignity, and distinction, which compensated the deficiencies of age. Their reverent faces and hands were crisscrossed by a million tiny lines, but their cheery smiles and buoyant spirits gave them an expression of youth and beauty.

* * *

Statistics are of interest to many people, so we will include some of them. The spike, no doubt, can hold up some figures, too! Of the 3,467 patients admitted, during the last fifty years, 1,613 were men



Above: Way back when furs and fedoras were in vogue -- when most of the patients were ambulatory -- and when fourteen pair of dainty feet "paired" with two "tens" -- excursions to the woods or boating on the River usually ended with a dreamy half-hour on "Castle Rock".

Left: "Keep your heart warm, my boy, -- keep it warm, just for me." (Didn't they love to dress up those days?)



1. Ada Bergstrom enjoying a book

2. Raymond Schenck made fish-fly so attractively and so realistically that the bass, trout, or muskie could be outsmarted!

3. A group of ladies, pausing to exchange ideas on the very latest "knit-one, purl-two" developments.

4 and 5. Sister Martha takes Bonnie Gallion (five) for a ride



Thirteen years later: Bonnie takes a stroll while off her part-time duties at the Sanatorium.

6. Art Hanson, Editor of the Sanagram, with Staff members



and 1,854 were women. During the first year, from August 15, 1906, when George Stark of Milwaukee was admitted as the FIRST PATIENT, through December of that year, 13 patients were admitted; of this number five were men and eight were women. By the end of the following year, 52 admissions are recorded; two of these being re-admissions. When River Pines was tinged with silver, Dr. J. W. Coon could list 2,011 patients. Of this number, 126 were re-admissions of former patients. Of the total for those first twenty-five years, 909 men and 1,102 women were admitted including the re-admissions. Up to September 1, 1938 when the Sisters of St. Joseph took over the Sanatorium, 2,200 admissions and 159 re-admissions were recorded. Of this total 1,074 were men and 1,285 were women. Today, when the Golden Winged bees are fluttering with a busy buzz, River Pines records its 3,467th patient.

* * *

And so, the Third Spike quivering, perhaps, a bit from latent neglect, is still holding its own; we hope that in the future, if it is "transplanted", it will always remain our brightest, our dearest memory. Our patients--God love, bless, and keep well, EVERY ONE OF THEM!



Easter Bonnets on
"Easter Parade"
and the M E N
walked off with
the PRIZE!

THE FOURTH SPIKE . . .

"Time marches on" -- this Fourth Spike, contrary to the other three, not only grew stronger and newer with the years, but it kept pace with all the latest developments in the **TREATMENT**, control, and cure of tuberculosis.

A hundred years ago tuberculosis was the captain of the men of death; many of the most celebrated men and women of the 19th century died of tuberculosis or suffered from it: John Keats, Percy B. Shelly, Frederic Chopin, Elizabeth Browning, Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Louis Stevenson, Francis of Assisi, Francis Thompson, to mention only a few.

Fifty years ago, tuberculosis was still the leading cause of death in our country. If this disease had continued to kill at the same rate as in the early 1900's, more than 300,000 Americans would die of tuberculosis this year. The fight to control tuberculosis has been so successful that the annual toll in the United States, today, has dropped to 30,000 lives, and there is every reason to believe that even this figure can be reduced in the near future.

Treatment of tuberculosis began with Hippocrates the Father of Medicine, who described the disease about four centuries before Christ. Hippocrates recommended tar as a remedy. If we examine the drug catalogues of but a few years back, we will find that "tar" was used as a basic ingredient in cough syrups (creosote) prescribed for tuberculosis patients.

On March 24, 1882, Dr. Robert Koch began the shaping of the Fourth Spike when he announced at a meeting in Berlin, his discovery of the tubercle bacillus. Dr. Koch was a young associate in the German Imperial Health Bureau; he made several detailed se-

ries of experiments which resulted in an isolation-- and recognition of the tubercle bacillus.

In his historic lecture on the Aetiology of Tuberculosis, delivered before the Physiological Society in Berlin, Dr. Koch outlined the magnitude of this health problem in the following words: "If the number of victims which a disease claims is the measure of its significance, then all diseases, particularly the most dreaded of infectious diseases, such as bubonic plague, Asiatic cholera, etc., must rank far behind tuberculosis. Statistics teach that one-seventh of all human beings die of tuberculosis, and that, if one considers only the productive middle-age groups, tuberculosis carries off about one-third and often more of these." Is it any wonder that the world feared this disease so much it became universally known as the White Plague?

Dr. Charles L. Stoddard, the first Wisconsin Physician to follow Dr. Robert Koch, announced early in 1882, his successful isolation and staining of the tubercle bacillus. Tradition tells us that Dr. Stoddard had made a statement in 1870, concerning his belief that tuberculosis was curable. Dr. Nicholas Senn, attending a meeting of doctors at Mineral Point in 1882, said: "In the not too distant future we shall be able not only to arrest, but also to prevent the ravages of this, the most frequent and hopeless of all diseases -- tuberculosis."

In 1885, Dr. Edward Livingstone Trudeau built the first one-room cottage unit of his sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis in the Adirondacks of New York.

When River Pines was opened, it was one of the pioneer sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis in the vast territory between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains. In 1900, a physician in Prescott, Wisconsin, opened a small sanatorium near the town; however, this institution did not last even a year. Dr. H. Longstreet Taylor, a venturesome physician

from Minnesota, at this time, opened a sanatorium in Pine City; in Illinois, Dr. J. W. Pettit started his Ottawa Tent Colony; and in Michigan, Doctor Benjamin Shephard was establishing a sanatorium at Oshtemo. At about the same time, Dr. Thomas Bassett Keyes of Chicago, who had a summer home and about 100 acres of wooded area in Butternut Town and Park Falls, established a summer camp for tuberculosis patients. This had an appearance of a military camp, with "pup-tents" and one patients' cottage. Treatment here included peanut oil taken internally, and injections of olive oil, as well as, lung exercises. The resulting shouts and shrieks could be well heard for miles around. This camp was abandoned and its method of treatment never followed by others.

In August, 1906, River Pines was opened-- about a year or two before the Blue Mound Sanatorium in Wauwatosa, Milwaukee County; both of these institutions were launched by the same group of Milwaukee doctors. River Pines was promoted as a private enterprise and was designed for patients who could afford to pay for their care, although the majority of the physicians who invested their money in it, did so from humanitarian motives and without expectation of financial returns. Blue Mound Sanatorium was founded as a semi-philanthropic institution in which modern methods for the care and cure of tuberculosis would be made available at a minimum cost.

And thus, though not the FIRST, River Pines is the OLDEST sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis in the State of Wisconsin. Naturally, therefore, its history began with an uncharted course along a road that was bound to lead the institution through many ups and downs.

* * *

When the small cottages were built, River Pines was a place of rest and convalescence, as well as, a place of refuge for those afflicted with consumption. Rest, understanding, good food, fresh cold air --- these were the core of the treatment during the first

years at River Pines. Perhaps this was the best medication and treatment for the patients, who came in with shattered hopes, sad, frightened, and dejected.

Pneumothorax, a treatment that gave the lungs a chance to heal--just as a splint helps a broken bone to mend--was one of the first adjunct treatments to be added to bed rest; the latter being the only then known, but a very definite treatment up to this time at River Pines. Pneumothorax brought temporary relief. Through this treatment, air was inserted into the chest, in the space between the outside of the lung and the chest wall. This air pressed firmly against the outside of the lung and prevented it from expanding greatly with each breath. However, since air put into the chest is gradually absorbed by the body, "re-fills" had to be given at intervals until the lung would be healed. Thus "Pneumos" and "re-fills" became quite common terms to the patients, and one would frequently hear, "When did you have your re-fill?" Or, the patients would tease the Doctor with "Doctor, I 'knew mo'e' before I had my pneumo."

In 1926, thoracoplasty, in which sections of the ribs are removed, causing the chest wall to sink and thus rest the diseased part of the lung, was introduced at River Pines. Needless to say, the patients referred to the Wisconsin General Hospital at Madison, went with a fear of the outcome, especially since the first two thoracoplasties were fatal. Nevertheless, several of the patients who braved this surgery are still living and enjoying good health, as well as doing full time duties. On the whole, "Collapse Therapy" or "Relaxation", as Drs. John W. and Harold M. Coon called it, was never fully accepted by them as an effective treatment.

As time marched on, treatment in collapse therapy increased to include pneumoperitoneum, phrenic nerve crushing, pneumolysis. The first phrenic sections on River Pines patients were performed in 1926; at that time it was necessary to send the patients to

Columbia Hospital in Milwaukee or to Muirdale Sanatorium at Wauwatosa, where Dr. John Yates did the operations. Later, with the coming of Dr. Joseph Gale to the Wisconsin General Hospital, River Pines patients were sent to Madison.

In 1929 and 1930, Dr. Gale came up to Stevens Point and performed the phrenic sections at St. Michael's Hospital, for those patients for whom such treatment was recommended. In this way River Pines patients were away from the Sanatorium for only a few hours, thus saving time in travel and extra hospital bills.

In more recent years, surgery, such as lobectomy, pneumonectomy, plombage, re-sections, and, of course, chemotherapy, have speeded up the patients' recovery; the stay in the Sanatorium is now about a third of what it was even five years ago.

* * *

Not only surgery, but also, the Laboratory and X-ray Departments are of great importance to a Sanatorium. River Pines had a Laboratory as early as 1914, where sputum tests were done routinely; also urinalysis and blood studies, whenever indicated by the Medical Director. The Sanatorium early used the Sedimentation Test and worked with Dr. Medlar on the lymphocytic-monocytic ratio before his now fairly standard Medlar Index was announced.

The diagnosis of tuberculosis is, of course, dependent on the Laboratory and the X-ray Departments. No positive diagnosis can be made until the tubercle bacillus is demonstrated in the sputum or in other body secretions. This fact dictated the formation of the Culture Laboratory at River Pines in 1950, where cultures could be watched for growth, and where the tests could be performed and started any day of the week. This diminished the chance for contamination, which frequently resulted when cultures were sent to the State Laboratory for studies and work. When the

WATA Field Laboratory Technician visited the newly formed Culture Laboratory, she remarked that River Pines had one of the finest Culture Labs in the State. Justly, therefore, the institution is quite proud of its "transformed coal bin"! In addition to the procedures directly related to the demonstration of the tubercle bacillus, many other tests have now become routine in the Sanatorium: these include various clinical chemistry tests, blood cell studies and examinations of body fluids. The facility and accuracy of the sputum examinations is widely appreciated by the physicians of the entire area.

The indispensable "twin" of the Laboratory is, of course, the X-ray Department, for the progress of the disease is followed very largely by X-ray and fluoroscopic studies. Knowing how much the treatment of the patients depends on what is seen in the X-ray film, the highest admiration goes to those first Doctors at River Pines who worked with the aid of the sole method of diagnosis, which consisted of listening to the sounds produced by thumping the chest and using the stethoscope. Nonetheless, there were some very successful cures. One can well understand what a wonderful help it must have been to the doctors to actually SEE what they had heretofore only been able to hear.

The patient is usually unaware of the tremendous difference an adequate X-ray Department can make in his treatment. At times the only early sign of tuberculosis is an abnormal shadow on an X-ray film. The technique of taking the film must be consistently of the highest standard and this involves careful control of the developing procedures, as well as, of the manipulation of the X-ray machine itself. At River Pines, under the direction of Dr. Harold M. Coon, the first X-ray machine was installed and used. It was a Wappler with a spark gap for measuring effective kilovolts; this installation, as stated previously, was quite unusual and a rather revolutionary and daring thrust forward in the treatment of tuberculosis, especially so, when one

considers that it was one of the four stereoscopic units in the entire State. The original X-ray equipment served the Institution for over 16 years. In 1939, a new Kelly-Koett Multicron was installed.

* * *

In the growth of River Pines, another department leaped into prominence. The early medical records consisted of merely a minimum of hand-written information. Within recent years, the department has been re-organized to conform with the standards set by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. Due to the competent efforts of the Accredited Medical Records Technician, information may be had at a moment's notice.

* * *

Several years ago, the Pharmacy or Drug Room at River Pines was not a very busy place, because most of the medications consisted chiefly in cough medicines, sleeping tablets, pain-easing injections, and a few other preparations. In the past years, however, the new techniques for the treatment of tuberculosis have greatly increased the Pharmacy business; and with the advent of such anti-biotics as Streptomycin, Para-Aminosalicylic Acid (today's PAS), Penicillin, etc., the Head Nurse must really be the "HEAD" Nurse! In 1952, a third member of the present chemotherapeutic family was discovered---Isoniazid. Isoniazid is as effective as Streptomycin and it has certain advantages over the latter; it is administered by mouth; it is comparatively cheap and relatively non-toxic. Moreover, it is able to penetrate certain parts of the body, such as the brain and spinal canal, in much greater concentration and effectiveness than Streptomycin. But, there is, also, the ever-present problem that the tubercle bacilli can readily become resistant to it.

* * *

Nursing care, too, today demands greater skill, knowledge and experience. At River Pines in the early days, nursing care was conducted on a plan similar to that maintained in other tuberculosis hospitals; that is, the patient came in for complete bed rest and comfort, and obtained it in any way possible. The nurse tucked the patient into bed, kept him warm and comfortable, and was there to watch that the rest period would be observed. The patient cared for practically all of his own personal needs and frequently ministered to his less fortunate neighbor. Dr. Hay, cognizant of the infectious nature of this disease, from the very beginning instructed the nurses at River Pines to use preventive and aseptic precautions and measures. This was practically all the medical knowledge offered to the nurses in those early days of treatment.

In addition to bed rest, fresh air, medications, surgery, and proper exercises, a well-balanced diet is very important. At River Pines, a Registered Dietitian has always played an important role in the treatment of tuberculosis.

* * *

No tuberculosis treatment program can be considered adequate unless it includes some form of occupational therapy. At River Pines, although a full-time instructor was not employed, patients from the very beginning were encouraged to develop some handicraft which ranged from all forms of needle work, such as knitting, crocheting, embroidery, weaving, to leather and wood-working. Craft work, in bed or in an O.T. Shop, arranged according to the patient's physical condition, plays an important role in providing not only recreation, but also, promoting contentment and ease of mind. Such useful passing of time helps to shorten that interminable "drag" of hours and of days.

Mr. Fred A. Broecker and Mr. Herbert F. Weckmueller, O.T. Directors of the WATA Staff, make regu-

lar visits to the Sanatorium and arouse the interest of the patients for courses of study and crafts best suited to their intelligence, likes, and ability. In many instances, what starts out as a pastime, or a hobby, eventually winds up in a lucrative business.

Work on the "Sanagram", the patients' monthly publication, served as an outlet for wholesome activity. Latent talents were discovered and budding artists, reporters, and editors soon experienced an inner satisfaction in their new production. Illness was forgotten, and home troubles and worries passed into oblivion. This diversion served notably as an aid to recovery and kept that fine family and friendly spirit of River Pines Sanatorium ever alive.

* * *

During Dr. Coon's time local clergy of all denominations visited the Sanatorium to minister to the spiritual needs of their respective patients. In 1938 when the Sisters took over the management and care of the patients at River Pines, a resident Chaplain was appointed to the Institution. The local clergy, nevertheless, continue their periodic visits.

* * *

Today, when there seems to be a kind of grip on the treatment of tuberculosis with arguments in favor of home treatment and a precarious question about the necessity of sanatorium care, it is well to remember that even the most partisan champions of the new drugs emphasize that most cases of tuberculosis still need surgery and bed rest I N a sanatorium, where close and frequent observation can determine whether or not there is improvement, sensitivity to drugs, allergy, or side-effects.

THE FIFTH SPIKE . . .

Just as man cannot live by bread alone, so the patient cannot get well on medicine alone; he needs, and vitally so, the services and the loving hands of the Nurse, the Technician, the Cook, the Dietitian, the Housekeeper -- A L L the members of the HOSPITAL SERVICE FAMILY.

I should like to put on the prim, white uniform of Mrs. Alice Eccleston and take you, in retrospect, to the years when this small, sweet, nimble lady--known to thousands as Mrs. Eccie--walked the gravel paths, trudged through deep snow tunnels, and lovingly nursed and watched over the patients, days and nights, like the true "Angel of Mercy" that she was. To her, as to many other employees, River Pines Sanatorium has an unforgettable obligation.

MRS. ECCIE--can you not see her, again? Tiny, pleasant, attractive, cordial in fact, "a woman perfected" to such eminence that everyone was c o n s -trained to admit that here was truly a noble character. Her medium-length blue wool coat, with a high collar and large, round buttons, was a conspicuous feature at River Pines--and seemed to appear everywhere at the same time.

Mrs. Eccie came to River Pines on December 5 1914, and her supposed two-months' relief duty auspiciously extended itself to thirty - one years! Born in Shropshire, England, and trained in London hospitals, she came to Wisconsin as a guest to her sister's wedding. The beauty and charm of the State so captivated her that she decided to stay on a bit longer. What a providential decision that was for River Pines! She relates in one of her accounts that, when Lady and Cobb, the River Pines' team of high-stepping horses, drove her along the trail to the Sanatorium, "it was a cold, clear night, with

much snow--and it seemed to me the most beautiful night I had ever seen."

Mrs. Eccie's interest in tuberculosis germinated when a physician at Oshkosh asked her to accompany a patient to River Pines. And, she herself relates: "I learned much from Dr. Hay at the Nurses COFFEE SESSIONS, and these interesting instructions, continued with the other Medical Directors with whom it was my privilege to work--Drs. F. Walbridge, J.W. Coon, Harold M. Coon, T.L. Harrington, and Henry A. Anderson."

At River Pines Mrs. Eccie's duties were too numerous for a complete report. She came before modern conveniences were available; when red, portable, kerosene lamps provided illumination on the sleeping porches; when earthenware jugs, known then as "pigs" furnished heat in the beds (and these "pigs" had to be replaced for every patient twice during the night by the nurses); when a hand-wound phonograph with a tin horn supplied squeaky music in the corridors; and when canvas drops over the window -- screens were the only means of keeping snow out of the rooms. So this beloved little lady was Surgical Nurse, Physicians' Aide, Special Nurse, Pharmacist, Purchasing Agent, Elevator Operator, and quite frequently, Housekeeper. She nursed hundreds of patients during the days when the Sanatorium could offer naught but rest, fresh air, adequate nutrition and hope, to its patients. She kept the Sanatorium functioning orderly; and, many times, besides teaching the country girls the rudiments of good house-keeping, Mrs. Eccie herself did tasks which others could not or would not do. And that is not all: Mrs. Eccie gave of herself so generously and unreservedly to the patient, that she found time to play games to entertain some lonesome youngster, or to be the sole mourner for some demised patient whose next of kin in Central Europe could not be reached.

Mrs. Eccie possessed a natural gift of getting along with people. Nurses working with her asserted

firmly that they did their best not because Mrs. Eccie was demanding, but because they could not help respond to her personality and high ideals. There was something in her that influenced and moved one to emulation. The get-togethers in Mrs. Eccie's rooms will always be remembered. It made no difference whether it turned out to be an elaborate chicken dinner, or a snack of imported cheese, or merely plain crackers with English tea -- Mrs. Eccie always proved the perfect hostess.

With the patients, the very term "Mrs. Eccie", seemed to have a magical effect. Her kindness, sympathy, prudence, and tolerant understanding abated many of the mental turmoils and doubts which so frequently appear among the most resolved "curetakers." Dr. Frank Maresh, who was a patient at River Pines, described his encounter with Mrs. Eccie in terms of reverence and admiration:

I shall never forget that bleak February afternoon, when a tiny, sweet, but determined lady in white, insisted upon carrying my heavy valise, pulling a heavy howser-rope elevator by hand to the third floor, and tucking me into bed on a well-ventilated porch. My illness --- and I know I looked just terrible -- did not alarm her in the least; but my failure to bring warm, winter pajamas -- greatly distressed her. After a bit of good nursing and motherly advice, she left me with a big, encouraging smile. Bolstered up with such confidence and cheer, I could not help but think that my illness was not such a calamity after all. In fact, if the other members on the Hospital Staff were like this little lady, this San would be a friendly place, indeed."

Mrs. Eccie had such a long list of endearing, delightfully-loving titles given her by the many pa-

tients, that it is next to impossible to list them all here. Suffice it to say, she filled the place of mother, nurse, sister, sweetheart -- as the case might be or the need of the patient required. Always loyal to the tuberculosis patient, she was not only an enemy of the disease, but continued to carry on, at times, when even the physician had given up hope. For her many acts of kindness to the patients at River Pines Sanatorium, Mrs. Eccie deserves much more than the tribute expressed in these few paragraphs.

* * *

Lingering with Mrs. Eccie over the years that have intervened since that fifteenth of August, 1906 we meet some other memorable people who have made up the River Pines Staff.

In the records of the first few years, there is frequent reference to Miss Mary B. Hart, the first Superintendent of Nurses at River Pines. One can intuitively sense the great respect and love of the patients for Mary B. It is quite evident from the numerous comments made, that Miss Hart was femininity and kindness to her very fingertips. A sweet-looking lady, she veritably "poured" out a steady stream of advice and encouragement to patients in the Sanatorium, as well as, to those who were curing at home. She was naturally attractive and a born leader. She set the fashions for the nurses in clothes, in conversations, and in all those little things which are so important to girls, and more so to nurses.

Miss Hart's really distinctive contribution to the History of River Pines, was her practical, business-like organization of the Nursing Staff. She was one of those rare nurses who excel in both active bedside nursing and in social courtesies and kindness. Mr. Frank Berger Smith, one of the early patients at River Pines, once wrote: "Nor do I know of any reason why you should take the trouble to answer my many questions, excepting your well-known

characteristic for good nature and good order."

Other nurses are mentioned in "Reminiscences of River Pines" by Mr. Albert Rhame, who was a patient here about 44 years ago. (Mr. Rhame, hale, hearty, and active, at 80, is, at present County Surveyor of Red Wing, Minnesota):

A Miss Smith is mentioned by Mr. Rhame, as an "ideal nurse, one who knew her business well, and who was always on the job." She was Head Nurse in the West Dormitory when Mrs. Eccie first came to River Pines. Miss Smith left shortly after Dr. J.W. Coon came, and after her marriage lived in California. Mrs. Eccie informed us that Miss Smith passed away a few years ago.

Miss Hanson must have been "delicate and pretty", as well as, "sweet on a Mr. McClement." But she "was a stickler for rules and often checked up on us fellows".

There was a Nurse Catherine, who was the "cutest, the bestest, the cleanest, the most liked nurse on the place. She was the Queen of River Pines with but one enemy--a girl who was jealous of her."

Miss Johanna Locken (Mrs. Charles Schumacher), when a patient at River Pines in 1910, was an ideal cure taker and responded to the treatment so marvelously, that within a short time she was ready to leave. She had apparent qualities of a good nurse, so Miss Hart prevailed upon her to remain. After a number of "coffee sessions", and heart-and-mind applications, Johanna, "Jo-Jo" for short, took over the Club House. She was in charge for many years -- and everyone loved her as she was a very good nurse.

Hannah Ahlberg, a nurse from Milwaukee, was one of the cure takers at River Pines when Mrs. Eccie was here. She, too, after her cure, became one of the Staff Nurses. Then, Hannah met Harold (Suhs), a patient from Waupaca, and both of them made such a fine

couple that everyone was happy over "that" meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Suhs, after their wedding, moved to Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Ruth Stark, a patient from Stevens Point, after her cure, stayed on, and was schooled into giving nursing care by Miss Hart.

Caroline Sackman, now Mrs. Bob Viel, was an attendant here during Mrs. Eccie's time. Knowing how to draw out the best from her associates, Mrs. Eccie encouraged and instructed Caroline to give herself to the nursing profession. Caroline exceeded all expectations as Club Nurse.

Miss Annabelle Boisdorf, recently in the Laboratory at Sunnyview, was in charge of the South Dormitory a long time.

* * *

The work of the X-ray Department was at one time ably discharged under the direction of Miss R. Rice, now Mrs. Robert Bablitch. Ruth remained in the position until shortly before her marriage.

The position of dietitian was held for a time by Miss Ruth Dickie. Upon being offered a position in the Wisconsin General Hospital as Head Dietitian, she left River Pines.

In the housekeeping department, quite outstanding was Mrs. Mary Vieths, the Head Cook at River Pines for a good number of years. She was typically Irish from her blarney to her temper; and her meat dishes and pie crusts were her masterpieces, "par excellence".

There were, also, four girls who certainly deserve, at least, a mention here: three were the Remsha sisters, Nettie, Vera, and Judy; the fourth was Genevieve Schill. They were loyal and always ready to help wherever they could. These and all the other

good and noble employees we S A L U T E and gratefully retain in our memory.

* * *

In the second epoch of River Pines History, we find a new element included in the Staff--the Sisters. We cannot but pause a bit longer by Sister Mary Ernestine, R.N., who has been at River Pines ever since 1938. Sister Ernestine has a majestic figure and courage, but a baby face and a soft heart. Tenacious in seeing that the rules and regulations were strictly observed, thoughtful and attentive to details where the patient's comfort was concerned -- but soft and "melting" to pleadings, tears and even to feigned sob tales--Such is Sister Ernestine. The nurses under her training were expected to follow instructions, but she gave of her knowledge so generously that a number of girls who left the staff to go into further nurses' training, remarked, "If Sister Ernestine is still at River Pines when we finish training, we'll fly back."

Happy memories are also recorded of Sisters M. Margaret and Bernardine, two R.N.'s who came from Cleveland, Ohio. Both of these Sisters were excellent Nurses and never refused any favors, even when it meant shaving "five-day shadows". And when Sister Bernardine related one of her amusing stories, it seemed her laughter was so contagious it skipped down the corridors in cadences and scales that not even the most accomplished pianist could imitate.

Sister Mary Marceliosa, R. N., known to all the patients as Sister Marcy, came to River Pines in August, 1941. With Sister Marcy there never were any half-measures. She is a woman in a thousand, for she is at once a capable, neat and orderly nurse; a good, acceptable, and faithful friend, and an efficient, thorough, and agile worker and teacher of needlework --an accomplishment as rare as it is difficult. --- Sister Marcy's bed-making cannot be improved and has made "history" at River Pines; her quick sympathy,

thoughtfulness, and clear thinking have saved many a difficult situation, as well as, won for her many friends among the patients.

* * *

Sister Mary Cherubim was the first Superintendent of the Sanatorium when the Sisters of St. Joseph took it over. On her devolved the responsibility of co-ordinating new and untried elements in such a manner that the work of the Sanatorium would be carried on smoothly and efficiently. Gripping the problems of her commission, Sister began improving the physical plant, beautifying the surroundings, introducing facilities which would make the work of the nurses easier and the stay of the patients more pleasant. Versatile--an educator, a linguist, a manager, with scientific and camera hobbies, she understood that life in a Sanatorium must be made a good life insurance without the monotony of a strict and grinding routine. She was never too busy to help a patient in home-study courses, to stop to examine another's leather work or carving, or to watch and laugh at the antics of the squirrels. Sister is very well remembered for introducing that enjoyable form of recreation for the patients -- the movies. An amateur herself, she often walked about the grounds armed with a camera; and most patients during her term of office have seen themselves on the screen as a result of these activities. She accomplished a difficult task well, and is joyfully greeted whenever she returns for a visit.

There was never a dull moment for Sister Mary Laura, who came to River Pines in the role of Secretary with Sister Mary Cherubim. In those days when it was difficult to get and keep a C.P.A., an X-ray Technician, or other "key personnel", Sister Cherubim or Dr. Harrington would inadvertently send an SOS to Sister Laura, and she would "shuttle" back and forth between the X-ray room and her own desk, piled with letters and reports. Recognizing her brilliance, capability, and capacity, as well as her as-

tonishing avidity for work of every kind, everyone called upon this frail, "jerry-built" wizard. Her interest in River Pines never diminished regardless of whatever other assignment she had to tackle--superintendent, purchasing agent, or accountant.

Of the Sisters who at different times labored, served, and "built up" River Pines, the "Twins" cannot be forgotten. These two Sisters were of the very same height and build, wore the same size of shoe, and both had eyeglasses; and, although one had brown and the other deep blue eyes, nobody could tell them apart. One was a Registered Dietitian, the other a very efficient Chef: Sisters Seraphia and Leandra, respectively. Besides their regular work of planning, preparing, and serving delicious meals, the "Twins" were apt at almost any other job: Sister Leandra was a whiz in any game, a master in culinary arts, and a veritable "green thumb" in gardening. Sister Seraphia was gifted along many lines, too -- but I think the field where she seemed to have a magic hand and heart, was her ability to transform the dullest, the most forlorn, the good-for-nothings, into acceptable young ladies and excellent house-keeping aides.

* * *

Theodore (Ted) Kuharski, who was often provoked by "them womans" to vociferate early in the morning, at high noon, and late at night, was a man without whom no one would or could get along. His ever-thoughtful and sympathetic help was always offered when needed most. Ted, once a patient himself at River Pines, understands the needs of the patients; however, he also remembers the rules and regulations that are supposed to be followed. So, just let a patient try to "sneak" away from his appointment at the dentist or the oculist, Ted will sermonize him with such candor that it just won't happen again. Ted's service to River Pines dates back over thirteen years; during these years the fire in the furnace went out on cold days just twice

--and then it was not entirely his fault. He also keeps the water system in good shape and does the San's shopping.

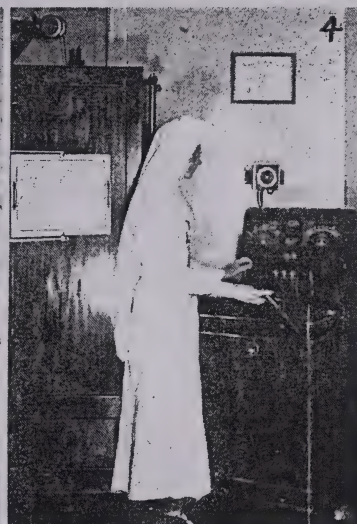
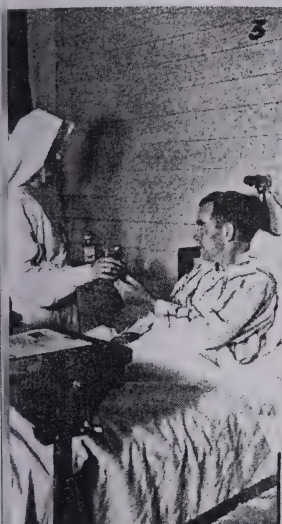
Mr. Richard Curran, "Grandpa", who has enjoyed a life a "single blissidness" for over 70 years, --thirteen of which were spent in service at River Pines--endeared himself to all the patients and to the entire Hospital Staff. Grandpa, with his courteous, thoughtful ways and pleasant Irish wit and humor, did more to relax the patients as he wheeled them to the X-ray examining room than any Elixir or capsule ever could.

Good, old faithful Jack-of-all-Trades is Mr. Paul Pliska, who has worked himself up to "masterly-craftsmanship" in building bridges, terraces, furniture, and even to transforming "cages" into offices.

Finally, names of other men who have come and gone should be added here: as, Herbert Smith, Neil Shannon, Lynn Hall, and Ben Eiden. They stand out for loyalty and service of many years, for courtesy, and for work accomplished at the Institution.



Sister Mary Cherubim, Sister Mary Ernestine, Sister Bernardine, the first three, at River Pines in 1938.



1. Mrs. Alice Eccleston.

2. Mrs. Eccie, Caroline Sackman, and Sister Mary Bernardine, R.N.

3. Sister Mary Ernestine R.N., one of the first Sister-Nurses, at R.P.

4. Sister Mary Laura at the Control Panel in the X-ray Laboratory.

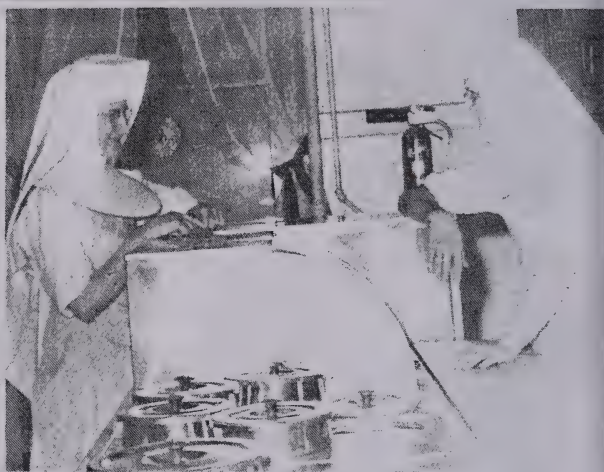
Sister Mary Marcy at the Steri-
er in the West Dormitory.

Sister Mary Lillian, M.T., in the Culture Laboratory, pre-
ing specimen for a culture study.



Mrs. Mai
Vieths in
the former
kitchen.

Sister Mary Leandra
and
Sister Mary Seraphia



Miss Ruth Dickie, one
the first Registered
Dietitians, with two
her "Pilgrim Maids"
the Thanksgiving Dinner

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY
WORK DONE BY PATIENTS

One of the early
Exhibits of pa-
tients' work at
River Pines San.



CONCLUSION . . .

"We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture; go ye into his gates with T H A N K S - G I V I N G ... give glory unto him."

And so I have come to the end of this History. There are no more spikes to discover. I know only too well that I should have "tacked" on ever so many other incidents, presented many more wonderful, epic-and-history-making patients, and broadcast many more faithful employees; however, my supply of "tacks" is exhausted--my hand being just a two-penny one, after all.

Lingering, as I did with the Doctors, with Mrs. Eccleston, with the patients, and all those good people with whom I share my joy today, I noticed with deepest gratitude that the number of bright s t a r s increased with such rapidity that before I had time to count them, the "Golden Night" was gone. And, lest the New Dawn illusively abscond with these Five Spikes, I will incase them right here on the shores of this "little bit of heaven", where Dr. Hay saw his dream materialized, and with them I will enfold all the tales of human lives saved, broken bodies mended, and hearts touched with the Golden Glow of the Infinite Love and Mercy of God, Who created and gave us these wonderful F-I-F-T-Y Y-E-A-R-S.

With the Five Spikes deeply and reverently imbedded in my heart, I will cherish all these memories forever! And this dear River Pines Sanatorium, even though it may have "new doors" opened in its future, will always have its windows on the past, through which those who come here can look back and find ever new hope whispering among the pines and silently rippling its trust, like the waters of Beautiful Wisconsin!



Count up all your blessings,
I'm sure they are not few,
That the dear Lord daily
just bestows on you.
Soon you'll feel so rested,
glad you stopped a bit.
In this quiet corner,
fold your hands and sit.

0 years at
RIVER PINES

September
1956



The

CRUSADER

OF THE WISCONSIN ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION



Through this window
(or one very like it), Will
Ross, River Pines' most
famous alumnus, looked out at
a very sick youth in 1909
(see pages 6 and 7).

Cover photograph: Sister M.
Adelicia, retiring superintendent,
Sister M. Ernestine, long-time
nurse, and Sister M. Cherubim,
former superintendent, on
River Pines walk. Photograph by
Al Turner.

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WISCONSIN ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASS'N



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"WHEN God shuts the door, He
opens the window." Thus goes
an old saying.

River Pines, Wisconsin's oldest sanatorium, has many windows. Somebody counted them once, and came up with 543.

Now, in September—and every other month, too!—the windows of River Pines are open. They look out on squirrels scampering across woody lawns; to oak trees and pines, through which the sun glints and the wind sighs; to the lovely Wisconsin River, purling down between its rocky banks to the paper mill below.

In these 50 years past, some 3,500 patients have come to River Pines for kindly care. In the early days that was about all that any sanatorium could offer. There were no drugs of any great value, no surgery, for the treatment of tuberculosis. Recovery had to come by rest alone.

Yet many, many, many got well at River Pines. In other pages of this CRUSADER are found the personally written stories of three of these people—Will Ross, Dr. R. D. Thompson and Frances E. Gallagher—who won back their health at River Pines and went on to achieve great things.

The role of its eloquent spokesmen, in essay and verse, might be much longer: Bessie Catlin Howard, Frank Burgess, Alma

Many

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at the Post Office at Milwaukee, Wisconsin,
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all, Frank Maresh, Ann Whiteside, Father J. J. Bier, Alice Lyons, Maurice Rogers, Arthur Hanson. How many, many of River Pines' people have loved it!

WHENCE the secret of River Pines' curing power? Whence the origin of the loyal memories in those it has served?

Well, for one thing, there's its physical setting, the writer of these words believes. Many sons and daughters have written nostalgically of its outdoors, the world known through open windows and daily talks. "There's always something happening outside the window," a River Pines patient once told this writer. "There's hardly a patient on the grounds who doesn't own a bird book."

For another, there's its camaraderie. Like other early tuberculosis hospitals, River Pines was built on the cottage plan. And hereby, each small unit became a little circle of fellowship unto itself. For testimony of it, read Miss Gallagher's story.

And most of all, perhaps, the caliber of its medical and nursing care. Elsewhere in this issue a friend of River Pines' physicians and nurses for over 40 years, Dr.

A. Pleyte, tells something of these remarkable healers of the human body and spirit.

They, too, have opened windows!

"WHEN River Pines opened its doors on a summer day in 1906," reads a CRUSADER story about it on its 40th anniversary in 1946, "it was a private partnership venture. A 'venture' it was, and a risky one, but perhaps that is hardly the word. 'Adventure' would be better: nobody has ever made much money in the business of treating the tuberculous sick, but the men and women of River Pines, like all good curers of body and mind, found rich adventure in it."

The partnership of Drs. Hay and Dearholt was reorganized into a joint stock corporation; this in turn into a nonprofit group. In 1938 the Sisters of St. Joseph became its owners—and through all the years since have maintained River Pines' old and noble traditions of hospital care. That service is provided for all the tuberculous sick, regardless of creed.

Today, under the leadership of its retiring and new superintendents, Sister M. Adelia and Sister M. Adelpa, respectively, and its medical chief, Dr. H. A. Anderson, River Pines also serves many hundreds of out-patients. Not alone for healing, but for diagnosis and post-discharge checkups, do men and women and children come to River Pines.

Ah yes, many windows . . . into many lives . . . look out from River Pines!

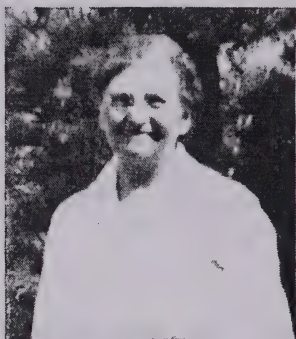
WINDOWS LOOK OUT





"I have never known one who could inspire a dispirited patient as could Dr. Tom Hay," wrote Will Ross.

For 31 years, Mrs. Alice Eccleston (better known as "Mrs. Eccie") was River Pines' much loved head nurse.



Dr. John W. Coon was long one of Wisconsin's titans in the crusade against TB.

Dr. J. W. Coon's son and successor, Dr. Harold M. Coon (far right), has likewise had a long and distinguished career in hospital management.



YES, I have known the physicians of River Pines and many of its nurses. They were well trained, well liked. And they built well.

Dr. Thomas H. Hay, the founder of River Pines Sanatorium, knew the physical condition, the mind, the character of every patient. He appreciated the anxiety and love of their relatives and friends. He was their leader, their counselor, their understanding physician. He had the pointed gray beard so often worn by eminent physicians fifty years ago; he enjoyed his cigars; he always seemed to be happy and was enjoyed by his physician friend as well as by his patients.

Dr. Franklin Walbridge joined Dr. Hay at River Pines in 1911. Dr. Walbridge was one of Milwaukee's leading surgeons and had learned well the value of rest in the fresh air for surgical cases. During

by A. A. PLEYTE, M. D.



THE CRUSADER

his period, an operating room was established. From his new brick home, he enjoyed the piney woods, his garden, and the beautiful Wisconsin River in front. He was right at home at River Pines.

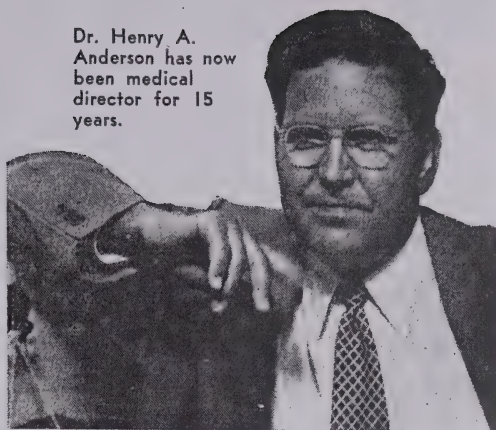
THEN comes Dr. John W. Coon. I spent over three years with him at the Wisconsin State Sanatorium, where he had been superintendent and medical director some years before. I knew him as a teacher, a leader, a disciplinarian, a person of original ideas. He usually wore a kindly smile, and his voice was soft-spoken. But on occasion, he could assert himself in a most positive manner. Dr. Coon was loved by patients and employees and left his imprint upon the lives of his associates and friends.

Dr. Harold M. Coon was at first associate medical director to his father, and later became his father's successor. Dr. Harold Coon served River Pines for about 4 years. Like his father, in whose footsteps he followed, Dr. Harold has shown outstanding tact and ability in both medicine and in administrative functions. These qualities have largely assured his success since leaving River Pines for administrative positions at the Wisconsin State Sanatorium, the University Hospitals at Madison and as the new superintendent of the Milwaukee County Hospital.

Dr. T. L. Harrington—"T. L.," as we at the WATA were wont to call our long-time friend and associate—followed Dr. Harold Coon at River Pines. As a fighter and health crusader, Dr. T. L. had no peer. He was seemingly always supplied with enough enthusiasm and vigor to hold his audience spellbound. He was both generous and frugal with his energy, with his habits, and with his purse. Like his predecessors, T. L. was a disciplinarian, a friend and teacher to his patients, associates and staff.

Dr. Henry A. Anderson—"Hank," as the medicos call him—has also been school-bred by experts, and his position as the

Dr. Henry A. Anderson has now been medical director for 15 years.



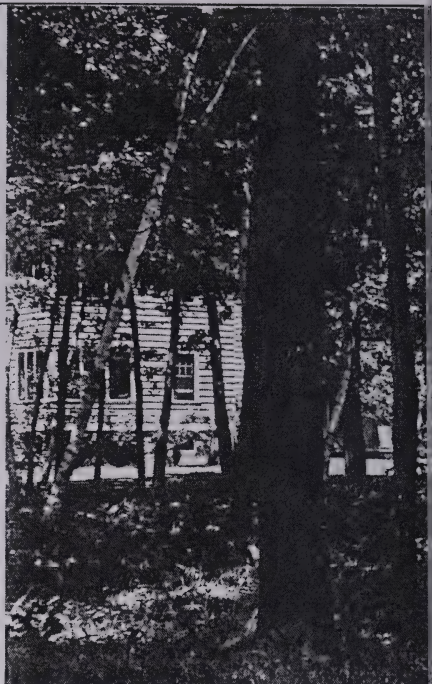
present medical director of River Pines, and president of the WATA, attests to his ability as a leader among physicians. Hank is a big man physically and mentally. He just had to be big to fill the boots of his illustrious predecessors. He has proven himself another beloved River Pines physician.

OF the nurses, I shall speak of but one, Mrs. Alice Eccleston ("Mrs. Eccie"). Hard-working, trustworthy, friendly, having the know-how to care for TB patients—these were a few of her attributes. She knew their emotional reactions; what would be likely to upset them; their individual idiosyncrasies; and how to deal with them. Medicine? Sometimes. A listening ear? Yes. A sympathetic interpretation? Usually. Reasoning? Often. "Laughing off" some reactions? Yes Sirree! But in instances of mental and physical suffering, social problems, infractions of rules or disciplinary matters, Eccie did not hesitate in seeking the guidance of the attending physician.

In recent years the Sisters of St. Joseph have contributed much in the administrative, nursing and laboratory departments of the sanatorium. Economy consistent with efficiency in hospital management, intelligent, friendly guidance to the staff, and tender care of patients are their watchwords.

Yes, indeed, they have built well!

DR. A. A. PLEYTE, director of the WATA's medical department, has been intimately associated with Wisconsin's tuberculosis hospital staffs for over 40 years. He has known personally all of River Pines' medical chiefs.



by WILL ROSS

WE were met at the depot in Stevens Point, Mother and I, by Paul Meissner, a cheerful, husky-voiced fellow. He was a patient at the sanatorium, but his disease had been sufficiently arrested so that he could do some work. This employment consisted of running errands back and forth to town, meeting incoming patients at the train, speeding departing patients, making purchases for the sanatorium, and bringing out the mail and express packages.

The sanatorium was about a mile out of the city. As we walked along the station platform, we passed a truck on which rested an undertaker's shipping case. Paul patted the box familiarly.

"There goes one of our customers," he said with a chuckle. He bundled us

into the open surrey, and we started out for the sanatorium by a back road which led past a cemetery.

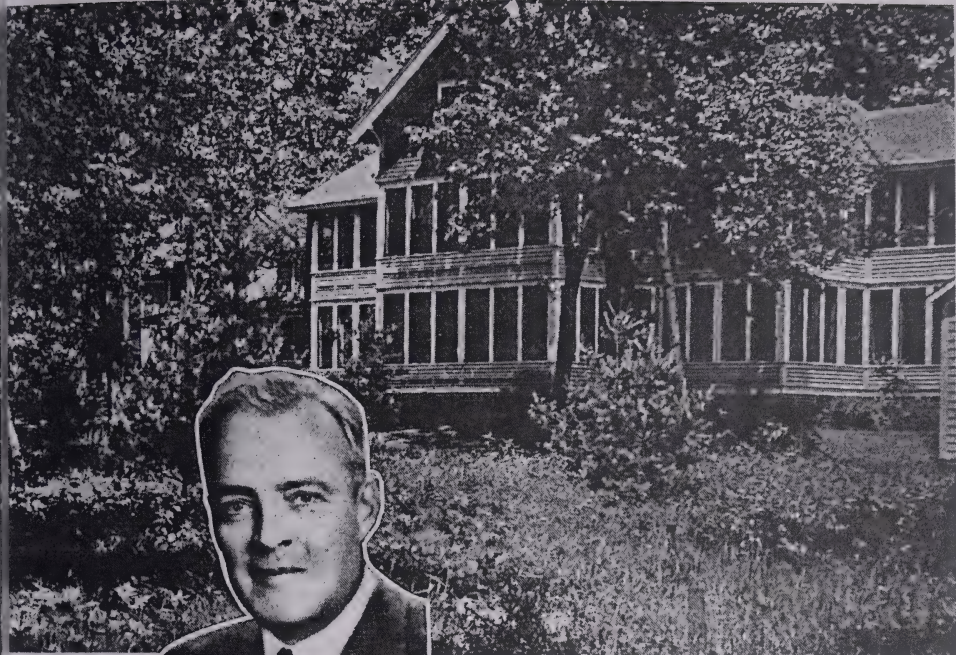
"I wanted you to get a good look at this," he remarked. "I like to bring new patients this way and scare 'em a little."

* * * * *

THE view from my porch was pleasant but not exciting. Through the trees I could see the river moving along with a lively current; off in the distance could be heard the sounds of a mill, the familiar whirl which is associated with papermaking. I knew that sound, and it made me think of home.

There was a shallow ravine close by my porch, across which a rustic bridge had

WILL ROSS, early River Pines alumnus, was the second nonmedical man ever to be named president of the National Tuberculosis Association. These descriptive passages about his cure-taking days are taken from his autobiography, *I WANTED TO LIVE*, published by the WATA in 1953, following his death.



Will Ross first cured in East Dormitory above.

been built, and I could catch a glimpse of a house or two on the other side. Sometimes people would walk along the path and cross the bridge. If they walked with measured tread and stopped to rest a while on the bridge, I was told that they were patients out on exercise. That meant, the nurse informed me, that they were making good progress with their cure. "You'll be out doing that too some day," she said.

THERE would be other nights when the rain fell in a steady pattern, scarcely a foot from my bed it flowed off the narrow eaves in rivulets. Long forks of lightning crossed the sky, followed by deep-throated thunder. In those momentary flashes the trees seemed to glower down at me, their dripping branches outstretched, unfriendly, not as they were by day.

On my narrow porch I felt close to the earth, closer than I wanted to be. It made me afraid, it made me think of death. It

made me think of that vague eternity up back of the angry clouds that were pouring out their heart on the earth. I wanted no part of it; I wanted to live. There was no one with me to share my fears; I was glad of that, for I wanted no one to know I was afraid.

SUMMER had faded, the foliage had gone through that glorious riot of paint-pot coloring that marks a northern Wisconsin autumn. Having had their brief hour of brilliance, the trees were now bare. The river, no longer so hidden by the trees, appeared to be closer, and I could see the occasional small boat of a silent fisherman or a log or some bit of flotsam drifting by. There was more than a hint of the approaching winter. The nights began to call for piping hot water bottles tucked in at the foot of the bed. Dr. Hay showed up one morning with a question.

"How would you like to try sitting up for an hour in the evening? You've been a pretty good patient, and I've a mind to let you try it."



WELL do I remember my trembling cot as the year's most destructive storm hit Stevens Point. The wind threatened to sweep our roughly built wooden cottages into the swollen Wisconsin River. Terror clutched at me as the wind rocked the cottages; lightning ripped the night sky with brilliant, jagged flame and thunder roared like heavy artillery.

Should I call the Club House nurse? No, that would betray a weakness, and sissy conduct is not easily lived down in a community of tuberculosis patients. At long last the storm passed. I had conquered my inner turbulence, and the calm within seemed to match that which settled upon River Pines as the sunlight struck fire to the lush green trees and the now calm river.

Inner conflicts were numerous during those long cure-taking months. Rumors started by the "bathroom philosophers" spread consternation. Small things mounted to major proportions as rumors spread as to which patient was to be moved where and why. No event seems minor to a cure-taker with nothing to do but rest!

That winter life was a bit rugged.

With potbellied wood burners as our central heating system, our handyman (and janitor, snow shoveler and tray carrier) was the brunt of many practical jokes. He retaliated most effectively, either by accident or design, by stoking the burner red hot when the day was warm and allowing the fire to die when the mercury stood at twenty below zero. Often

we wakened to find our pitcher of wash water a block of ice. Cottage patients trekking the main buildings presented a weird sight indeed, particularly when a long-robed figure was topped by a head swathed in a turban towel, turban style, following a shampoo.

THE highlight of the daily routine was the arrival of "Dr. Harold" (always with his cornflower boutonniere!), who never missed his morning rounds, followed by "Mrs. Eccie" who on the coldest days was warmly bundled in her vivid blue Hudson Bay coat, her feet shod in white overshoes.

Rest hours at times seemed endless. Other times they were broken by the thrilling appearance of an indigo bunting at close range, by the antics of squirrels, or by chickadees on the window sill, looking for crumbs from some leftover snack. Sounds carried clearly through the still winter air, and the general turning on of radios from different sections of the grounds signaled a welcome announcement of the end of quiet hour.

Then there was the great event of the dinner bell! Three times daily every cottage door exploded at once, and a subdued babble of voices mounted to a din of confusion at the dining room.

Special occasions were opportunities for decorative skill in "dressing up" the rustic interiors of the cottages. St. Patrick's Day must be the greenest, Christmas the most cheerful and Hallowe'en the most weird. In



by FRANCES E. GALLAGHER

springtime, the Green Thumb Club broke window box planting contests; even pots were beautiful when you planted them and watched their emergence. Cottage in-lia, such as miniature birch bark canoes, and as another means of rival creativeness.

The guessing contests were many and varied, continued from season to season, with guesses as to the date the ice jam on the river would break in the spring, which horse would win the Kentucky Derby, the number of points by which the University of Wisconsin football team would win!

There were many group activities. Holiday dinners served to the cottage patients in the Messy Club House living room were memorable occasions. The 4th of July fireworks were always much-anticipated events. Game lessons, pinocle games and sheepshead, usually initiated by small groups in the cove, grew into lively evening sessions

until the bedtime bell rang. Costume parties were favorites, as were birthday parties, marshmallow roasts before the huge stone fireplace, popcorn feasts, and even special-permission waffle supper parties.

THE tuberculosis patient of 1956 has the advantage of abbreviated treatment through the "miracle" drugs, through skillful surgical techniques and more comfortable housing in modern hospital structures. They are, however, deprived of a camaraderie and an opportunity for close first-hand observation of nature, born of the cottage treatment plan.

When the cottages at River Pines Sanatorium are torn down, a way of life will be gone. But the memories of it, its mixture of turbulence and happiness, its slow healing next to nature, its setting of wholesomeness, made richer by the self-sacrificing medical and nursing staff, will long remain with us who knew it.

FRANCES E. ("Spike") GALLAGHER spent about five years on River Pines' porches after TB struck during her college years. After more years of "curing" at the Wisconsin State Sanatorium, she joined the staff of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association and helped to develop its rehabilitation service and Wisconsin's pioneer Come-Back clubs. Today she is a staff member of the Virginia state rehabilitation agency, working with many kinds of handicapped persons.

MANY, many rest hours ago the nurse said, "Just undress, leave your clothes on the chair, and I will be back to hang them up. Here are your pajamas, and your bed is all turned down, right there in the porch."

If that nurse had only known what a strong urge there was not to undress, not to go to bed, not to become a regular cure-taker! If she had only known what was going on, yes, on and on, in my mind, I don't think she would have left the room with an air of confidence that I would do just as I was bidden, and, of course, just as I should have done.

Back in the rear half of my old brain, there was something that made me realize that I should get into that bed, yet it was the most difficult thing that I had tackled in my life. I couldn't think of anything that I resented more; a worse task I couldn't think of; anything else would be easier and more agreeable. Back of it all I was afraid to get into that bed. It was really giving up—not all hope—but giving up many, many things in life that people, after a few years, have learned to love and enjoy. I would gladly have entered a body cast, or suffered a broken leg, or two, yes, even three fractures if I didn't have to go to bed for that unknown period. Other diseases and even accidents all seemed to have a limit to the bed period, but I knew it wasn't so with old TB. I just couldn't give up and accept that bed as a friend.

My thin pajamas felt cool (this day was one June 12th at 2 in the afternoon, and very warm). There was something refreshing; I noticed a blanket on the bed. I wished for a cool night, as surely that blanket was there for that purpose. I walked to the bed; I sat on its edge. That would be enough for now. I wouldn't lie down, because I didn't need to. Sitting would supply me with all the rest I needed. The branches of a pine tree waved lazily and gracefully in the breeze. I thought of how often I had seen them do that when I had been fishing or tramping, but never before from a bedside in a sanatorium had I seen them wave. And I thought, "Well, they will be doing that years and years hence, whether my TB heals or not." And then a keen ray of hope came along—if I



"... if I got well, I again could witness those friendly trees from without and not from within."



or well, I again could witness those friendly trees from without and not from within.

I tried out the bed. It held me and held me well, even better than I thought. I was red; to stretch out was restful. I looked at the ceiling of my porch; there were hundreds of knots in the pine-matched boards. Well I knew I would have those counted before long; that was something to do (there were 289).

THE first night in the san was a long one—there were hours and hours until 11 p.m., when through sheer exhaustion and loss of hope I went to sleep. In the morning I was greeted by a beautiful sunrise which said to me, "The world is going on and on, hurry and get well and join up and enjoy it!"

Fall came, lovely days, cool nights, and with it all a gain of two pounds in weight. Was that something! Nothing up to this moment had made me so happy and content. In November my sputum disappeared, and my cough also; my appetite was growing, and so were my long, skinny legs. I was going to see those pine trees

from without! My clothes wouldn't fit; gussets, let-outs, everything was used for expansion. I prospered mentally and physically. I had never weighed so much in my life. Weeks and months passed more quickly. I ate things I thought I didn't like or couldn't eat. I found that it wasn't what I ate, but how much I ate.

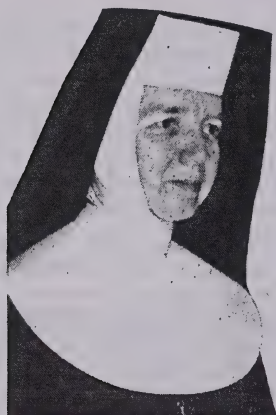
There had been many long, hot days; many long, cold nights with subzero temperature. The demands of tuberculosis are many, but the reward is sweet, and may it come to all who read this article and are striving patiently and courageously for that splendid reward.

THE day for going home came. I can't express my feeling—a feeling I had had only once before—the day I saw the Statue of Liberty on my return home, after many months in France.

Then at home—to learn (all over, it seemed) home conditions, noises, smells, all—it was wonderful to be rehabilitated again! Then back to work, gradually increased hours of exercise, omitting rest hours. Now it is like a dream, awfully real, but never will it be forgotten.

R. R. D. THOMPSON has been superintendent and medical director of both the Wisconsin State and Florida State sanatoriums and is a former president of the National Tuberculosis Association. He "cured" at River Pines from June, 1932 to April, 1933. The story he tells here is condensed from THE BEACON, April, 1937.

The Best . . . Yet to Be



"What about the years ahead?" THE CRUSADER asked Sister M. Adelicia, whose span of service as superintendent closed as this September issue went to press. "Will River Pines continue to serve the sick?"

Here is Sister Adelicia's answer.

WHEN Caesar wrote, "I came, I saw, I conquered," he was not boasting; he was simply stating a fact. When Michelangelo tapped the knee of his great marble statue of Moses, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Speak!" He made no vain boast, for he actually felt that his workmanship was perfect. When Thackeray threw down his pen after completing a passage of "Vanity Fair" with the words, "That is genius," he was viewing a masterpiece, which he himself had written. God Himself set the precedent for appraising a work perfectly done, for in the Book of Genesis we read: "And God saw that it was good."

Musing over the fifty years of service which River Pines has given to patients ill with tuberculosis, one cannot help but feel some satisfaction in having been permitted to be a part of this worthwhile project so well begun and so well done.

Sitting in Dr. Coon's office, with my lamp unlit, I watch the stars shining into the window. They seem to voice my thought, "I wonder, will these stars be permitted to continue bringing the light of hope to the sick here at River Pines?"

Before my mind can frame an answer—and realizing that "All's well" in His Hands—I reach confidently for the letter from the Governing Board of River Pines Sanatorium, and—God be thanked—my hope, too, is realized: *River Pines will keep its doors open to those ill with tuberculosis as long as there is need for it.*

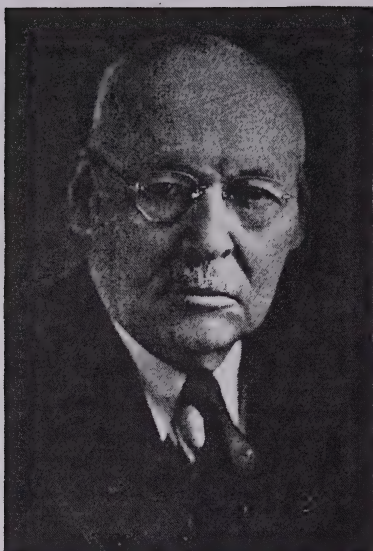
And in years to come, when Victory over this dread disease is surely won, this spot will still remain dedicated to suffering humanity.

Below is Mitzi Jean Muskus, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Muskus of Necedah, Wisconsin. Little Mitzi, born Dec. 23, 1952, is a patient at River Pines. So are four of her brothers and sisters. So is her mother.

Mitzi is at River Pines for observation. Thanks to the hospitalization of other members of her family, the chain of infection has been broken, and Mitzi can look out into a normal and happy child's future.

Thus . . . through isolation and treatment of sick parent and child . . . River Pines and other Wisconsin sanatoriums build happier homes . . . in a healthier Wisconsin.





OLD VERITIES NEW VISIONS

John Callahan's life
epitomized both

IN Madison's wide, serene new Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace, the last rites were said on Saturday morning, May 12, for John Callahan, Wisconsin educator, WATA friend and long-time officer.

It was a service this reporter will always remember . . . the age-old music, the chants and the responses, the simple and moving sermon given at the end of the Requiem Mass by Monsignor F. L. McDonnell, pastor of Queen of Peace . . . and, all around, the simple beauty of unadorned wood and brick and honest design, a fitting temple, indeed, for a serenely wide American landscape.

It was very fitting for John Callahan's life and spirit. For that life was suffused and lighted by the mystical marriage of the old and new through which alone civilization progresses.

The age-old verities were John Callahan's underpinning all through his 90-year life, even as they stood by him in death. He was born to poverty . . . worked hard to achieve a meager education . . . began teaching a one-room country school before he had finished high school.

One school in the 80's and 90's followed another in John Callahan's life, first as a teacher only, then as a principal . . . Spring Valley, Rock Elm, Ottman Corners, Trim-

belle, Crookston (Minnesota), Glenwood City, New Richmond . . . till his competent work attracted the attention of L. D. Harvey, state superintendent of public instruction, and he was offered the superintendency of schools at Menasha.

It was a great opportunity—attractive salary, a pleasant town, and most of all, a job to do. "In New Richmond there were only nine grade school teachers, but the high school enrollment was over 100 the year I left there," John Callahan wrote in reminiscence at *THE CRUSADER's* request three years ago. "In Menasha there were 32 or 33 grade school teachers and only 25 pupils in the high school the year I went there."

People told him nothing could be done about it. Menasha parents weren't interested. John Callahan thought otherwise.

"I visited the homes, talked with the parents about letting their children complete the high school course. Then in order to keep them from dropping out at the end of the eighth year or going to a business college in Appleton, I set up a business course in the high school. So able were the teachers that soon employers began to demand a high school education of their employes and to ask for those we recommended. I introduced manual training

and home economics in the seventh grade about two years after I came to Menasha, added it to the eighth grade the following year, and presently the courses continued through the high school. When I left Menasha seventeen years later, the enrollment was approximately one hundred and ninety; it rose steadily thereafter."

SO for the old verities . . . hard work, ambition, the dream of a better life for others, the selfless drive to make it real.

And from there, the untrodden paths. John Callahan's zeal for vocational education in Menasha led to his being named in 1918 as the first state director of vocational education. The then state superintendent of public instruction was unsympathetic to the idea of teaching youngsters vocational skills. He threw constant obstacles in John Callahan's way. He was many-term officeholder; nobody could beat him, people said; no one would even try. John Callahan jumped in the ring himself in February, 1921—and a few weeks later was elected with a 30,000 plurality.

Six more elections and 28 years as state superintendent of public instruction followed. Great things were thought out, fought for, achieved . . . the Callahan equalization act of 1929, whereby rural schools were given financial aid to raise educational standards, the consolidation act of 1939, through which many hundreds of small districts were merged into larger districts.

Fought for, yes. In his upper 70's, John Callahan wanted to retire. But the Legislature reversed itself and tried to cripple the consolidation program. John Callahan ran again, won again, and with the help of Governor Goodland (another grand old man in Wisconsin statesmanship), carried through to victory his fight to eliminate the districts too poor to maintain adequate schools.

TO the WATA, John Callahan will always be remembered and revered in all another way. Named to its board of directors in 1930, and vice-president in 1936, he stepped into its top post in 1938, at the death of its president, Dr. Louis M. Garfield.

There followed some of the WATA's most difficult years . . . the death in 1939 of its long-time executive secretary and leader, Dr. Hoyt E. Dearholt, the increased pressures and strained staff during World War II.

But there followed, too, some of the most creative years in the WATA's history. The WATA became the first state TB association to launch a program of traveling X-ray clinics. A statewide program was set up for vocational rehabilitation of the tuberculous and their placement in self-supporting and useful jobs. Dearholt Days were inaugurated for enlisting wider interest and understanding of TB control among medical students at Marquette and Wisconsin. And these are but three of many headline achievements during John Callahan's presidency.

"I have finished the work which I was sent to do." Around this text from the Gospel According to St. John, Monsignor McDonnell told simply and briefly of how John Callahan had seen his duty and done it. The words were uttered in a conversational voice, yet thanks to the good acoustics of Our Lady Queen of Peace, could be heard throughout the big auditorium. It was the simply spoken kind of tribute John Callahan would have liked.

About John Callahan's life, too, there was something quiet, conversational even. But it was heard, and long will be heard . . . because he had the faith to hew to old ideals and the courage to essay new ideas.

—Harold Holand

Detroit 1956 MVC Setting

Detroit will be the setting for the 43rd annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Conference on Tuberculosis, Oct. 11-13. The program as usual will present outstanding speakers, problem-solving discussions and time to enjoy "Dynamic Detroit." Wisconsin tuberculosis workers are urged to try to attend this valuable three-day meeting. Reservations can be made at the Hotel Statler, conference headquarters.

For further information, write Publications Department, WATA, 1700 W. Wells St., Milwaukee 3.

The CRUSADER

of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Ass'n
Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Entered as Second Class Matter

1145 Lone Tree Road
Elm Grove, Wisconsin
July 9, 1956

Dear River Pines Friends:

It was just at this season of the year seventeen years ago that I began my stay at River Pines. As a bride this was taking the place of the honeymoon trip I had so eagerly looked forward to having. In spite of the disappointment it wasn't long before I was won over by the beauty of the scenery from my window, the kindness and understanding of the staff members and the rest, good food and care.

During my stay there I prepared for my new job as a homemaker through radio programs, magazine reading and making a recipe and housekeeping file.

It was while I was there that we began publication of the Sanagram, which gave us a feeling of unity and interest in each other as persons as well as patients.

All of the years of good health and happiness with my 11-year old son Bill and husband, Stuart, have made me feel that my stay there was good "life insurance."

I am sorry not to be with you, but send greetings to all friends there.
(Have been active in church choir, scouting and music activities too.)

Sincerely,

Addie Jonson

(Mrs. Stuart Jonson)



